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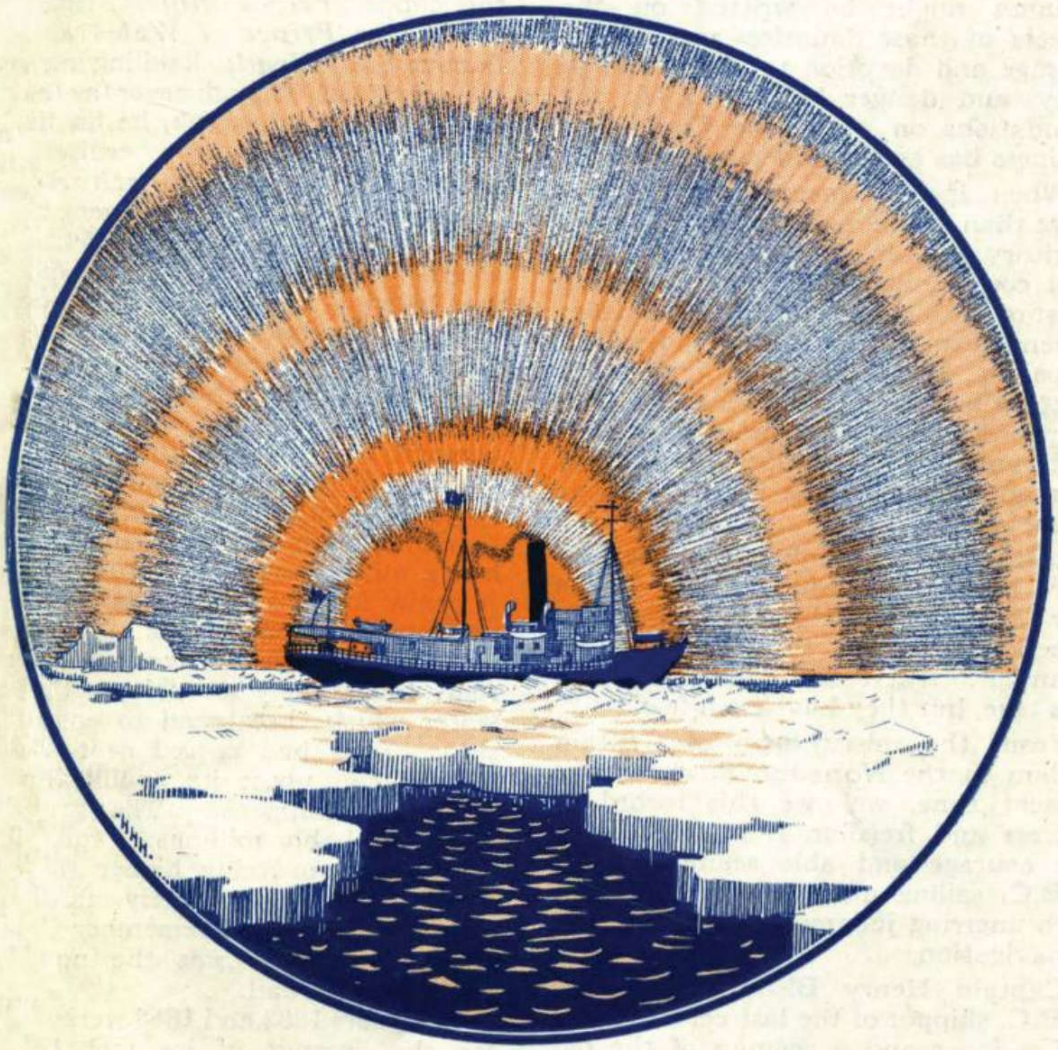
The Beaver

A Journal of Progress



In This Issue: H. M. S. COTTER, H. F. HARMAN, N. M. W. J. MacKENZIE, J. K. SEAL, J. BROWN, R. G. MacBETH, NOEL EVANS, J. D. J. FORBES

Beginning—SOME FAMOUS H.B.C. CAPTAINS AND SHIPS

Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

Some Famous Hudson's Bay Captains and Ships

Ice-Bound Seas Were No Barrier to Stout Vessels and Doughty Sailing Masters Who Supplied H.B.C. Domain in North America For 200 Years

By H. M. S. COTTER, *Cumberland House*

THE fame of old-time H.B.C. skippers has been widely heralded; but volumes might be written on the careers of those dauntless men whose courage and devotion to duty through stress and danger helped to lay the foundations on which the Company's business has grown and prospered.

When it is remembered that for more than two hundred years the great territory adjacent to Hudson Bay, and vast country stretching from the west coast of the bay to the RockyMountains depended on supplies carried in sailing ships to Moose Factory and York Factory and that their safe delivery at these ports depended entirely upon those in command of the ships, our admiration goes out to those hardy sea-dogs of old Britain.

In the several hundred voyages that have been made from London to the bay it is remarkable—indeed, quite unbelievable—that the record is so clean-cut. There have been mishaps, it is true, but they have been few.

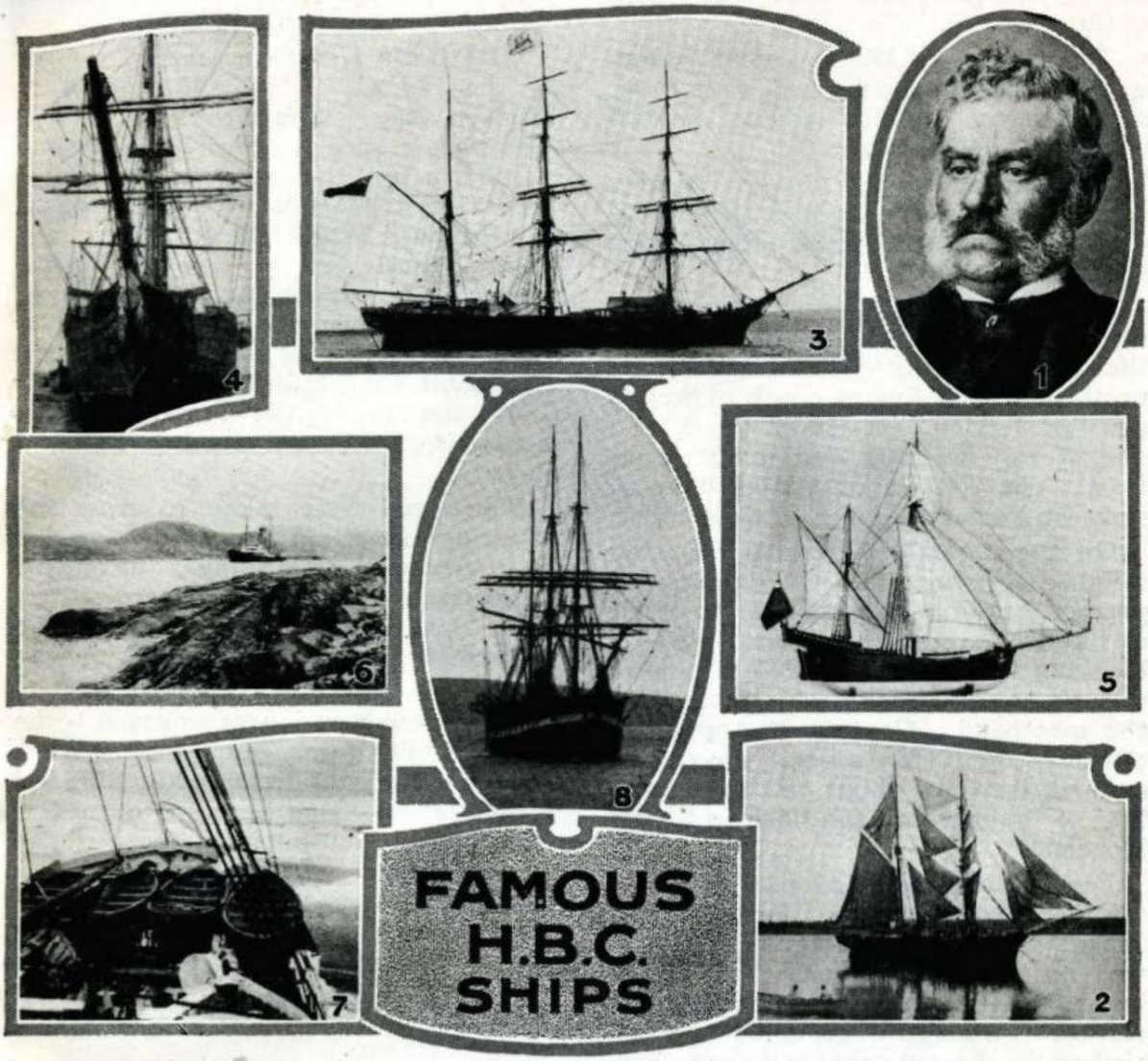
From the misty days of Captain Gillam in the *Nonsuch* down to the present time, we owe this record of success and freedom from disaster to the courage and able seamanship of H.B.C. sailing masters who displayed such unerring judgment and hardihood in navigation

Captain Henry Bishop, a famous H.B.C. skipper of the last century, was a Londoner and a seaman of the old school. As mate and master, he sailed for more than forty years to the bay—to York and Moose Factories. In all that period it is said he never lost a package of merchandise. To those familiar with navigation in these northern latitudes and the hazards attending a voyage to the bay, this would seem remarkable indeed.

During his forty years' service this doughty skipper sailed many notable H.B.C. ships—the *Prince Albert*, the *Prince Arthur* the *Ocean Nymph*, the clipper *Prince Rupert*, the *Cam Owen*, the *Prince of Wales* and the famous *Lady Head;* all sailing vessels—barque rigged. Though never (as master) meeting with shipwreck, he had many perilous and adventurous cruises. He was mate on the *Prince Arthur* bound for Moose when the vessel went ashore on Mansfield Island in 1864. The weather was thick and a gale of wind was blowing at the time. On account of local attraction affecting the compasses, the vicinity has never been liked by H.B.C. captains.

In 1872, on the outward-bound passage to York, an unusually large number of icebergs was encountered in the Atlantic, and Captain Bishop, then in command of the *Prince Rupert*, had a miraculous escape from disaster. A heavy fog was on the sea. The ship was moving along under reduced sail, when suddenly there was a deafening roar, followed by an upheaval of the water which threatened to engulf the ship. They had passed near a great iceberg and upset its equilibrium, as sometimes happens. The great ice mass—probably millions of tons dead-weight and towering higher than the ship's masts—fell directly across the wake of his vessel. I remember Captain Bishop saying it was the narrowest escape he ever had.

The years 1883 and 1884 were notable for the amount of ice met with in Hudson Straits. The *Prince of Wales* leaving London on tenth of June, 1883, bound for Moose Factory and due to arrive there between the fifteenth and thirtieth of August, did not appear till the twentieth of September. Meanwhile the staff waited anxiously. This was an unusually late date. In a hundred and fifty years the ship had arrived only twice at a later date than the twentieth of September.



1—Captain Bishop, H.B.C. skipper who sailed to Hudson Bay for forty years.

2—"The Mink," which carried H.B.C. supplies from Moose Factory to Albany, Rupert's House, Fort George, and Whale River for twenty-five years.

3—"The Lady Head" (Capt. John Ford) sailed across the Atlantic in eight days for a record.

4—H.B.SS. "Pelican," ex-warship of British navy and sister ship to the famous "Condor." The "Pelican" is now in commission for H.B.C. on the Bay.

5—The "Nonsuch" (Captain Gillam), the first H.B.C. ship to sail into Hudson Bay (1668).

6—H.B.SS. "Nascopie," steaming into Chesterfield Inlet, season of 1920.

7—Icefields in Hudson Straits seen from the deck of the "Nascopie," voyage of 1919.

8—H.B.SS. "Erik" anchored in Rigolet harbor, Labrador coast.

On the passage out, Captain Bishop encountered ice in the Atlantic some four degrees east of Resolution at the entrance of the Straits and punched through it all the way to Charles Island. A whole month was required to sail the six hundred miles. Captain Bishop, in relating this experience, said he was beset for weeks in the mighty grip of the ice king. The tremendous pressure sustained by the ship threatened at times to crush her to pieces.

She fell in again with the ice near James Bay and got clear of it only at the Gaskets, some seventy-five miles from the outer buoy in the Moose Roads.

The *Prince of Wales* was eight weeks in the ice on this occasion. The day she was signalled the people at Moose were wild with joy. I was only a "little shaver" then, but I will never forget the amount of gunpowder they banged away when this great British seaman landed at Moose in his gig. The ship, though having sustained no vital damage, was torn and scored by her gruelling experience. Long days and nights of sleepless vigil there had been

during this cruise for these hardy men of the sea.

The *Prince of Wales* sailed, homeward bound, on the seventh of October and reached London safely on the sixteenth of November.

The same year, the *Ocean Nymph* from York failed to make the homeward passage, turned back and wintered at Fort Churchill.

Again in 1884 Captain Bishop, outward bound, fell in with the ice about the middle of July and did not escape until the end of August south of Southampton, having experienced much cold and stormy weather and many dense fogs. The *Prince of Wales* hove in sight at Moose on ninth of September.

On the second of October the ship weighed anchor for the homeward passage but met a solid barrier of ice a hundred miles long and entirely blocking up the Straits. Not a lane of water was to be seen with a glass from the masthead. Captain Bishop, after cruising about for several days, was compelled to put about on the twenty-first of October and run back to Moose Roads.

Eighty miles from Moose, the Captain shaped a course for Charlton Island, where the ship wintered. There was no firing of cannon when it was learned that the ship was compelled to return, as a cargo of valuable furs was tied up in the country until the following year.

Captain Bishop was typical of all the H.B.C. skippers, being a man of great resourcefulness, a skilled ice-master, and a navigator of rare good judgment. I have heard it said of him there never was a breeze that he could not weather. At Moose, where he was well known to sailors and others who had made many voyages with him, it was said he was at his best when the wind was blowing "great guns" and the green seas were washing the decks fore and aft. Most of his voyages were made without incident, but their successful termination continuously for many years, after sailing through uncharted waters, is proof of his ability and skill.

Truly great men were the sea captains who sailed to Hudson Bay! They helped keep the country on its feet during the early days of its development, and indirectly assisted in its retention for the British empire.

The Lady Head was one of the last of the H.B.C. sailing ships going to Hudson Bay. She was built to the Company's special order in 1865, and named after the wife of the then Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Sir Edmund Walker Head, Bart. The *Lady Head* was in commission for nearly forty years, an indication of her stout construction. Though smaller than the *Prince of Wales,* she was a handsome ship, built on fine lines. In 1900 she made the record passage home from Moose, crossing in eight days.

The usual time taken to cross the "herring pond" in those days varied from eleven to fifteen days, but on this occasion the *Lady Head* crossed in eight days—leaving Cape Farewell on September twentieth and passing the Lizard on September twenty-eighth.

The homeward journey proved to be exceptionally quick, but the time taken for the entire round trip, a hundred and eleven days, *was a record.* Her commander, Captain Ford, received the commendation of the board and a magnificent silver cup, beautifully engraved, in commemoration. (The writer had the pleasure of taking one deep draught from this famous trophy when on a visit to Captain Ford in Scotland some years ago.)

In these days of steam, the sailing ships have gone out of date and one hears them referred to as "old tubs," "wind jammers," "floating coffins" and other opprobrious names. But the H.B.C. sailing ships of the old days were unsurpassed in design, construction and sailing qualities. The *Prince of Wales* was a trim, stately vessel with lofty spars towering above her decks. Her whole rig was beautiful in its symmetry and upkeep. She reminded one of pictures of the East Indiamen, once famous on the seas, and it is quite possible she was modelled after the vessels of that type.

H.B.C. sailing ships were built to meet ice conditions, but apart from this their general construction was admirable. The art of wooden ship building was at its height when many of the H.B.C. vessels were launched. For example, the whole frame work of the *Prince of Wales* was of English

oak, the timbers, beams and knees being of great size and strength. The three-inch planking was of oak. Over this, she was sheathed fore and aft and for some distance above the load-line with green heart, a tough and extremely hard wood. Massive iron plates covered her bows. The interior construction was exceptionally strong, being solid oak for several feet, bolted through and through.

Thus protected, she could punch through the ice and receive hard knocks with more or less impunity.

The interior of the hull was further strengthened with heavy bands of iron running diagonally over the ceiling and bolted to the framework. To lessen the chances of damage when nipped in the ice, great beams were built into the hull below the upper decks. Throughout the whole construction, copper and composite bolts and spikes were used. The length of some of the bolts was more than four feet. I have heard the ship carpenters say it required two weeks to bore some of the holes! This of course is an exaggeration, but it indicates that these vessels were not built in a hurry or in haphazard fashion.

The woodwork and general fittings about the decks were of oak or teak and of the very best workmanship and design.

The decks were of Norway pine laid by men skilled in the art, and the very seams, running in fair curves, were a fine sight to see. Water at a pressure of ten thousand pounds to the square inch could not penetrate these well-made, excellently caulked seams or the intricate watertight joints used in the various deck structures. These shipwrights were not using bacon rind, shingle nails, tallow, and flour sacks to keep the water out!

The spars and rigging were a marvellous sight in themselves, so well were they made and set up, and there was nothing rotten about the gear. Alow and aloft the material was sound and good and right up to the "knocker." The *Prince of Wales* was an H.B.C. ship to the very porcelain door knobs on the cabins for they were emblazoned with the Company's coat of arms in rich colors.

Surely the strength of these British-built ships was such as to provoke admiration. The marvellous skill displayed in their construction could scarcely be excelled.

HAULING ABOARD a walrus killed with a rifle from the deck of the "Nascopie" off Baffin's Land. One of the animal's tusks has been carried away by the bullet.

And the order they kept aboard was remarkable.

The crews were governed with strictest discipline. The decks were always "clean as a whistle;" nothing out of place; every sheet and halyard belayed snugly and neatly and the falls coiled down in shipshape style.

The rigging was ever in the best of order; never a ratline broken or waving about in the wind; the brass work was polished and glittering and good paint everywhere in evidence.

Under sail, never was there a sight more beautiful or inspiring!

The crews of H.B.C. ships in those days were smart, active young fellows, mostly English and Shetland sailors. Fine, handsome chaps they were. Getting underweigh, it was a great sight to see these men going aloft. When the order was given they would race up the rigging, lie out on the yards, loosen up the canvas and slide down the backstays all in a few seconds of time.

They were usually singing sea "chanties." Nothing it seemed could be done unless there was a "chanty." Bracing the yards, they would sing; going to the cook's galley they would sing; heaving up cargo on the hand winches was accompanied by more "chanties."

It was really good for a man to go aboard one of those H.B.C. ships, for there was a mighty "healthful" air about them.

Another notable feature was the stowage of the cargoes. This art must have come down from the time of Noah (for it appears to have been perfect in his day) and it is no exaggeration to say that in the great holds, running the full length of the ship, scarcely a square inch of space was lost.

It was no light job breaking out the cargo, when it came to be discharged, so tightly and uniformly were the packages stowed. They would arrive at Moose as neat and clean and unbroken as the day they left London warehouse; year in and year out always in the same faultless first-class condition.

And such packages! Fine, strong, uniform bales and cases. Sugar, oatmeal and biscuits were packed in brand new, iron-bound, oak puncheons, hogsheads and tierces—all well finished. Many of the cases and boxes were dovetailed and the lids screwed on. At that time the twentieth century packing case had not yet appeared, made as it is of three-sixteenths-inch stuff and bound with a faint shadow of hoop-iron, ready to go to pieces if one happens to laugh real heartily.

(To be continued)

SHOW WEEK IN THE H.B.C. LONDON FUR WAREHOUSE

BY J. D. J. FORBES

AMONG the outstanding events of the fur trade calendar none is more keenly anticipated than the fur show, which precedes the Company's auction. To the trade it offers an opportunity of examining a first-rate collection of fresh furs, which no up-to-date dealer can afford to miss, whilst to the warehouse staff it represents the climax of weeks and months of careful preparation.

Getting Furs Ready for the Show

The appearance of the warehouse during show week is apt to give the impression that hurry and bustle are things unknown to the fortunate people in the employ of the H.B.C. Could a glimpse be obtained behind the scenes during the previous week when cataloguing operations are in full swing, a somewhat different impression might be formed. The great majority of buyers acknowledge that it is a pleasurable experience to inspect the Company's fur collection, but their satisfaction is as nothing compared with the feelings of relief experienced by the warehouse keeper and his assistants when everything is at length shipshape and the furs are ready for "show." Only a few days earlier all was apparently in confusion; the bulk of the goods for sale had been duly sorted, it is true, but sundry odd parcels had been left over until the last moment, or had reached the warehouse at the eleventh hour, and these had to be dealt with simultaneously with lotting and checking and piling and generally preparing for the show. This activity may fittingly be compared with the scene on board a ship at sea, where the crew is set to work scraping, painting, polishing and holystoning, so that when the vessel reaches port everything shall be spick and span.*

Many Skins Shown "Inside Out"

A tour of the warehouse during show week would probably be a unique experience to those accustomed to regarding furs as finished articles of apparel. To begin with, many skins are inside out—that is to say, the fur side is not visible, being turned inside the pelt; this method of handling, although somewhat puzzling to the non-expert, has the advantage of protecting the sides and edges of the fur which might otherwise deteriorate by being rubbed. Then the furs are quite raw as a general rule, no attempt having been made to clean, dress or improve on their natural state. But when due allowance is made for these factors, it is astonishing to see how well the skins have really been treated by the Indian hunters, who handle their returns much more evenly and satis-

*NOTE.—*The comparison is the less fanciful by reason of the fact that in the old days when the Company's ships came home but once a year and brought the whole season's collection of furs with them, their crews used to turn landsmen and perform the duties of warehouse porters. To this day the warehouse floors are referred to as "decks," whilst at noon and five o'clock "eight bells" are still struck to indicate the luncheon hour and closing time respectively.

factorily as a rule than the white man manages to do.

Pelts Have Distinctive Odours

Another thing that strikes the casual visitor is the variety of odours he encounters as he goes from one floor to another. The distinctive odour of the muskrat, for example, is quite easily distinguished from the peculiar smell which clings to the marten or Canadian sable. Bears have odours of their own, and that connected with the black or brown bear is quite different from the polar's flavour. Otter and mink skins each have faint but recognizable smells, and fisher is at times quite pungent. Fur seals in brine and dry hair seals are not difficult to scent, and wolves soon betray their presence. Beaver and foxes perhaps are most free from odour, whilst the smell of wild skunk is the most obnoxious.

On the ground floor of the warehouse bulky bags containing from 1000 to 2000 skins represent the Company's offering of musquash. Needless to say, the pelts have little resemblance to the beautifully dyed and sheared skins which go to make up a seal-musquash coat; and doubtless many a lady would be greatly surprised to learn that her fur coat is really composed of the skins of a water-rat.

On the next floor are to be found sundry skins, including salted fur seals, taken from the Behring Sea; dry hair seals from the coasts of Labrador, which are used more by the leather worker than by the furrier; perhaps also some Canadian skunk, than which no fur is more sparkling when cleaned; and sundry odds and ends, such as cats (of various sorts), deer and weenusk. Squirrel, too, is to be seen on this floor, and this is one of the few cases in which Siberian skins excel those coming from Canada.

An Entire Floor Devoted to Beaver

Higher up is practically a whole floor devoted to beaver, which is somewhat bulky in the mass and important as being a characteristic product of Canada, and the Company's most famous fur. The beaver is opened out flat by the trapper and is received as an oblong or oval-shaped skin, one side being like parchment and the other covered with fur (or "hair" as it is technically termed). Its real beauty is not apparent in the raw state, owing to the presence of rather harsh water hairs of a coppery appearance which have to be removed before the soft richness of its brown fur can be appreciated.

Canadian Otter Best in World

On the same floor is to be found the otter collection. This fur is very choice and durable, being of a close, short texture that lasts much longer than the "rougher" covering of a fox or a wolf; indeed otter is reckoned to be the most durable of all furs. The Canadian otter is far and away more attractive and costly than those received from other parts of the world, which are flat and uninteresting in comparison.

Mink, Marten, Fisher, Sable and Lynx

On the next floor, where a better light is obtainable, Canadian sable or marten, mink, fisher, lynx and, recently, Russian sable are displayed. These are all included in the category of fine furs. Mink is the least valuable, and looks somewhat like a very much reduced edition of the otter. It is one of the most popular of brown furs. Lynx is a silky, but not very durable, fur which is usually dyed black before use. Marten or Canadian sable is a fur beloved of English ladies, who by the way are not considered to have a flair for fur in comparison with their French or American sisters, although in fairness it should be added that the winter climate of the British Isles is not severe enough to necessitate the constant wearing of furs, whilst on the continent they are regarded as essential. The variety of colour in marten skins is extraordinary, but here, as in most other cases, the darkest skins are the most valuable. Fisher, the largest member of the weasel family, possesses perhaps the most handsome coat, which in some instances is hardly inferior in richness of colour to the choicest Russian sable, whilst its tail has all the lustre of a skunk. It was so highly prized last year that it actually exceeded the sable in average value, but, unlike the sable with its long-established reputation, the prestige of fisher has suffered at the hands of fickle fashion and it must now be considered about a third less valuable.

Russian Sables With Deep, Rich Fur

The choicest and most attractive skins to be seen on this floor are, of course, the Russian sables, which look

very short and bushy in comparison with the marten. Their colours are wonderful and the depth of fur surprising; a very pleasing effect is given to skins that are pointed here and there with a few silvery hairs.

Another collection available on this floor is ermine, both Canadian and Siberian, which seems a very tiny skin in comparison with its neighbours. By way of contrast some grizzly bears from Kamchatka are to be seen beyond the ermine. They are big, wooly skins that take up a lot of space in proportion to their value. Over against the further wall is quite a different sort of skin, namely, Persian lamb. This is a small and comparatively flat skin, having a decided curly appearance. Its value depends upon the tightness of the curl as well as on the distinctness of the pattern and its lustre; unlike the common lamb, its colour is black.

Great Fox Collection on Top Floor

On the top floor, in the best light, the Company's collection of red, white, blue and silver foxes is to be seen, besides their offering of wolves, wolverine and polar bear. The polar bears are the largest skins handled by the Company, and in proportion to their size the least valuable. As regards the wolves, three varieties are usually available: the prairie or coyote wolf, the large grey or timber wolf, and the blue wolf, which is in great demand on account of its colour.

Wolves are somewhat coarse in the fur, and until recent years were used mainly for rug purposes; now, however, they are very largely utilized for personal wear. The same remarks apply to the wolverine, which is distinguished by a distinct marking or saddle of dark hue surrounded by a belt of lighter coloured hair.

Of the foxes, the white or arctic fox is usually most plentiful, and is a fur greatly favoured by furriers on account of the variety of shades it is capable of being dyed. The red or common fox is found in most regions of the world, but the Company's collection represents only the choicest Canadian and Siberian sorts, which are long-haired in comparison with the low or short-haired skins deriving from Australia and Asia Minor.

Blue fox is akin to the white fox, being also an arctic skin. Its beautiful shades of blues and browns make it an exceedingly attractive fur and it is correspondingly valuable.

Cross fox is another very popular article which in size and texture is similar to its kinsman the red fox, but it differs from the latter in that its back is usually covered with silvery hair and a more or less well-defined black cross is to be seen on its neck, some of the better specimens closely approximate to the silver fox, but their cheeks and shoulders are yellowish or rusty, and this fact is sufficient to determine their category.

Silver Fox Choicest of all Furs

The silver fox is the choicest of all foxes and now that sea otters are almost extinct, it may be considered the most valuable of all furs. In texture and size it resembles the red and cross foxes, but its colour ranges from a pure silver, sometimes almost a white, to a deep rich black. The best skins are always of clear colour and fresh and glossy appearance, besides being free from faults or defects in the fur.

Having completed such a tour of inspection as above described, the visitor would have seen a collection of choice furs second to none in the world,

"WHEN two people share a joy, it is doubled; when they share a sorrow, it is halved."

"COULD any argument against human selfishness, or for the wisdom of human co-operation be stronger?"

—The Outlook

and one which in the estimation of the fur merchant occupies the premier place because of the confidence reposed in the Hudson's Bay Company.

George Bayne Has Surveyed Vast Territory For H.B.C.

Land Department Chief Inspector Active at 71; Looks Back on Unbroken Record of Loyal Service.

BY J. BROWN

GEORGE A. BAYNE, Land Inspector and Chief Surveyor for the H.B.C. Land Department at Winnipeg, is a veteran of twenty-four years' service with the Company. At seventy-one, Mr. Bayne is still active in the land department offices at Winnipeg. The rugged constitution which has enabled him to remain fit after more than a half century of arduous service throughout Canada as railway construction and civil engineer, surveyor and land inspector, was built up by simple living and hard work in the open places.

Geo. A. Bayne

The reserve of wholesome vigor placed "in bank" by Mr. Bayne during earlier days has helped him to exceed the biblical span of "three score-and-ten"; day after day he is on duty as promptly and unfailingly as the most regular member of the staff. In twenty-four years he has not missed a day except for a brief illness during the influenza epidemic.

Devotion to duty and an intense loyalty to H.B.C. standards has enabled him to rise to the deanship of his profession in the Company's service.

Immediately upon entering the service in the spring of 1897, Mr. Bayne went into the Northwest Territories for H.B.C. He laid out the timber reserve at the junction of the Slave and Athabasca Rivers during that year.

He surveyed the Company's holdings of land at the following fur trade posts:

Athabasca Landing, Grand Rapids Island, Fort McMurray, Fort Chipewyan, Fort FitzGerald, Smith's Landing, Resolution, Hay River, Fort Rae, Fort Simpson, Fort Liard, Fort Nelson, Fort Wrigley, Fort Norman, Fort Good Hope, Fort McPherson, Fort Vermilion, Battle River, Peace River Crossing, Smokey River, Fort Dunvegan, Fort St. John, Slave Lake and Heart River.

Early in 1898 he was ordered to the Nelson River district, where he surveyed during that year the Company's lands at fur trade posts in the district:

Norway House, Bull's Island, Fort Churchhill and Whale Fishery Station at Churchill; Fort Prince of Wales, York Factory, Severn, Trout Lake, Island Lake, God's Lake, Oxford House, Jackson Bay, Cross Lake, Split Lake and Nelson River House.

In March 1899, Mr. Bayne went to survey the Company's lands at the British Columbia Posts:

Victoria, Fort Simpson, Hazelton, Babine, Fort St. James, Fort McLeod, Fort Fraser, Fort George, Quesnelle and Chilcoten.

From 1900 until 1918 Mr. Bayne was engaged in inspecting the Company's farming lands which are distributed from Lake Winnipeg and Lake of the Woods to the Rockies, and from the North Saskatchewan River to the International Boundary. Of the thousands of parcels of land still owned by H.B.C. over this vast territory, few there are which have not been checked up and verified for acreage, soil, topography and surface growth by Mr. Bayne.

He was born at Londonderry, Nova Scotia, in 1850, lived for seventeen years at Picton, N.S. His first job was with the Intercolonial railway. In 1872, Mr. Bayne heeded the call of the West and came out with a Dominion Government party assigned to survey Dominion lands. In 1876 he became contractor's engineer on section "B" of the Canadian Pacific Railway; went north for the Nelson Valley Railway in 1877; devoted himself to private practice as civil engineer from 1880 to 1885.

The City of Winnipeg obtained his services in 1885 as assessor, and he was "borrowed" from the city to take charge of surveys and construction of the Portage la Prairie branch of what is now the Canadian National Railway.

The Northern Pacific purchased the Portage branch and constructed the Morris and Brandon branch of which Mr. Bayne was engineer for three years.

He was engaged on right-of-way surveys for the Canadian Pacific when asked by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1897 to undertake surveys at their inland posts.

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Sunshine

WESTERN Canada's prairies see but few sun-obscuring clouds at any season. Theirs are high skies and spacious vistas. The familiar exhortation to faith in a "silver lining" is but little needed in this land where brilliant sunshine chases gloom on three hundred days a year.

In Winter, dazzling sunshine tempers the frost and banishes the cloudpall that earns for winter in other places a name of Murk. In Spring, genial sunshine quickens the earth and forces a botanic miracle overnight. In Summer, joyous sunshine urges on the grain from seed to harvest in a hundred days. In Autumn, bright untroubled sunshine stretches the balm of Summer up to the very precipitous edge of Winter.

In our sun-smitten prairies few can sulk in pessimism or loiter in indolence. Sunshine, the germicide, the cheer-bringer, the stimulator of every living thing, repels Pessimism, enthrones Optimism and makes the Golden West a domain of prosperity.

What a country for the Young!

Organization

A THOUSAND bricklayers alone cannot build a house. But a half-dozen carpenters, several plasterers, plumbers, electricians and decorators can quickly construct a residence that is complete in every respect.

The success of any Company depends upon the co-operation which comes with *organization*.

Certain tasks or positions might seem unimportant or uninviting in themselves; yet from the viewpoint of the *Organization*—the service as a whole—they assume both dignity and importance.

H.B.C. *Organization* is developing and improving at the dictation of modern methods, but even the perfected organization must depend for smooth operation upon the continued loyalty, spirit and efficiency of the smallest units.

Promotion

SOMETIMES in these days of hectic haste, impatient young workers in the Service consider that if their promotion is not rapid and continuous they are not successful.

They should read on page 9 about the twenty-four years of ungrudging service given to H.B.C. by George Bayne, a man who went to the uttermost parts of the northern continent at the Company's command; sometimes levelling his surveyor's transit by the light of the aurora or the midnight sun. Season after season he labored through muskegs, subsisted on moose meat, bannock and tea, slept on a bed of spruce boughs, companioned with half-wild Indians. The years seemed long, for there were no moving picture shows or dances for George Bayne. At the end of a long day of labor, sleep was the most welcome—the only—diversion.

One of the most important factors of success is a proper realization of how long it takes to succeed.

Sudden successes seldom are real. Rapid advancement often carries young men or women off their feet. One must always learn to crawl before walking and to walk before running.

In the Great War, young officers were taught to forego opportunity of advancing into a greater amount of terrain than they could *consolidate*.

Don't get discouraged if you are not made a manager to-morrow. To go slow and patiently is the only way to succeed rightly and permanently.

Remember the promise, "All things come to him who waits."

Courtesy

COURTESY is the one medium of exchange that is always accepted at par by the people of every country on the globe. Courtesy radiates a spirit of good feeling and suggests that we are not working entirely for the material returns of work but for the pleasure of friendly human association as well. Life is *not* too short and we are *never* too busy to be courteous.

Courtesy is the outward expression of an inward consideration for others and is always an effective lubricant that smoothes business and social relationships, eliminating friction.

The "Morgue"

THE BEAVER is in receipt of several excellent contributions which, because of some inexplicable modesty of their authors, are signed anonymously. We regret that these gifted contributors are so timorous in regard to taking the responsibility for their own productions in prose and poetry. We have a place which we call the "morgue" as a special repository for these "waifs" which are left on our doorstep. *The Beaver* is willing to accept articles under *nom de plume* if desired, but name and address of the author in every case is required for our files.

Pro Pelle Cutem

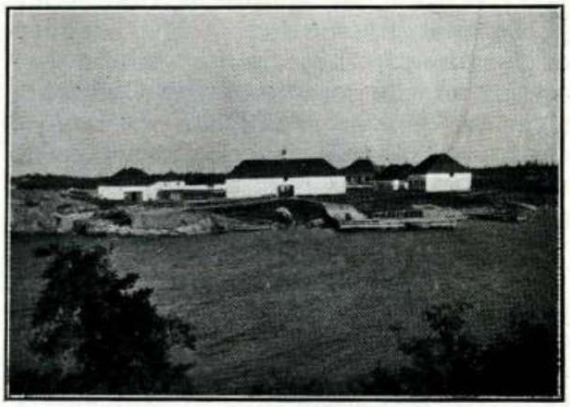
THAT the Hudson's Bay Company is the oldest commercial organization in the world is common knowledge, but how many people are aware that the authorship of the motto of the Company, *Pro Pelle Cutem*—skin for skin—is ascribed by some to Moses of old and by others to King Solomon?

The Book of Job, among the greatest—if not the greatest—prose poems ever written, has been accredited to each of those early Jewish celebrities, and it is in this book that the motto makes its first appearance in history. Strange to tell, the words were uttered by no less a personage than his satanic majesty himself.

The Lord and Satan are engaged in conversation over Job, and in the second chapter, verse four, we find the following:

"And Satan answered the Lord, and said, '*Skin for skin;* yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life.' "

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO FUR TRADE POSTS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY CO.



Norway House

NORWAY HOUSE POST of the Hudson's Bay Company is located at the foot of Lake Winnipeg, three hundred miles north of the city of Winnipeg. The present post was established in 1825, four years after the amalgamation of H.B.C. with the Northwest Company; before that time the old post known as Norway House was situated on the west bank of the Nelson River at the point designated today as Warren's Landing.

The present post was headquarters for Keewatin District of the Fur Trade until 1914 when the District Office was transferred to Winnipeg.

For upwards of a century, this Post was a clearing house for freight going into the interior from York Factory, being situated at the point of convergence of several famous water transport routes of the north.

Following are a few extracts from the Post Journal of 1830:

June 18—Chief Factor Stuart embarked with two boats for York Factory.

June 20—Cadotte with the Portage La Loche Brigade under his charge embarked early this morning.

June 23—Ch. Factor J. D. Cameron arrived from Lac La Pluie with two boats for York Factory.

June 25—C.F. J. Charles arrived from Isle a La Crosse with three boats for York Factory.

July 15—The boats from Athabasca arrived in good order.

July 28—The White Governor arrived with two boats of MacKenzie River Outfit 31.

Kamloops Founded by Astorian Fur Traders

District Passed Into Hands of Nor' westers and Then to H.B.C. in 1821

IT is from the Astorians that came the first knowledge of the vicinity of Kamloops, they having taken possession of the mouth of the Columbia river and sent an expedition to explore the immense territory lying between the waters of the Columbia and Fraser rivers.

It was about the middle of September, 1811, that David Stuart ascended the Okanagan to the height of land and in due course reached the South Thompson river, and owing to the great depth of snow was compelled to spend the winter with the "Shuswap" and other tribes of Indians in that vicinity. His reports were so encouraging that in the following May, Alexander Ross followed his route and camped at a place called Cumcloops (the meeting of the waters) at the junction of the south and north Thompson rivers. Ross did a record business during the ten days he remained at Kamloops, and his reports stated that it was a good beaver country and as there was then no opposition he was able to carry on a lucrative trade.

The Astorians now determined to establish a trading post at Kamloops, its central position being recognized as a strategic point of great importance. From it trading parties were to be sent out towards the Fraser and up the North Thompson and South Thompson rivers. Accordingly, on August 25th, 1812, David Stuart set out from Okanagan to found the new post, and early in September was on the ground preparing the timbers for it. Just where this first fort was built is not recorded, but tradition supports the view that it was on the south bank of the river. It is therefore assumed that the Stuart fort was built on the present site of the city of Kamloops.

The North-West Company, or Nor'-westers as they were termed, were on the watch, and in the Fall of 1812 they followed and built alongside of Stuart. It is pointed out by prominent historians that Stuart did not state definitely what he meant by "alongside," so it must be assumed his meaning was "in the immediate vicinity," and it is believed that the first fort of the North-West Company was situated on what is now known as the Indian Reserve, *i.e.*, the northwest corner of the junction of the North and South Thompson rivers.

In October, 1813, an agreement was made whereby the whole undertaking became the property of the Nor-westers, the Astorians retiring from this particular district. In 1821 came the amalgamation of the Hudson's Bay Company and their old opponents, the Nor'-westers, and the day of the picturesque brigade—the annual means of communication—arrived and thus we record the establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company in Kamloops.

It is not the purpose of this article to record all the names of those sturdy pioneers who in turn had charge of this important trading centre, but nevertheless it is difficult to refrain from mentioning one or two of the more important men whose names are so intimately associated with the progress of the Company and the history of the surrounding country. From 1842-1850, John Tod, one of the best-known men in the history of British Columbia, was in charge at Kamloops, and it was soon after his appointment to this charge that a change in location was made to the west side of the North Thompson river in the section now known as Fruitlands. This new fort contained seven houses, stores, dwellings and shops, enclosed by the usual palisade fifteen feet high with bastions at the two opposite angles.

Paul Fraser, a son of the celebrated Simon, suceeded Tod in 1850, and it is recorded of him that he was a man of great native ability, though somewhat ill-tempered, and that in 1854 he was accidentally killed and buried by the fall of a tree on Deer mountain.

Chief Trader Donald McLean followed Fraser. He had control from 1854 to 1864, and he is considered the last of the old line of fur traders. During this period came the great gold excitement and the wondrous transformation of the fur traders' preserve into the colonists' home. McLean was killed by the Chilcotin Indians in 1864 while assisting the government to secure the arrest of Tellot and the other murders of Waddington's Bute Inlet party.

Then came Chief Trader J. W. McKay, who was instrumental in having the site of the post removed to the south bank of the south Thompson, about 100 yards west of the junction of the rivers, and where may now be seen in a fair state of repair many of the original buildings on that site.

In or about the year 1880 it was necessary, in order to be conveniently located for the changed conditions subsequent to the growth of the village of Kamloops, to move further east, and a store was then built on Victoria Street just within the present city limits, which sufficed to meet their requirements until 1894 when a further move east was found to be necessary, when a modern two-storey brick building was erected midway between Prior's Hill and First Avenue.

This building, like its predecessors, became, in the course of a very short time, too small to properly care for the increased trade being secured.

In 1911 the Company moved to its present commodious and up-to-date quarters on the southwest corner of Second Avenue and Victoria Street, where an existing solid brick block was purchased and remodeled and added to in order that adequate provision might be made for the further expansion of business.

The establishment of the first trading post at the junction of the North and South Thompson rivers is regarded as the birth of the city of Kamloops.

THE CURLING "BUG"

By H. F. HARMAN, *Land Commissioner*

ANYONE who curls will tell you it is a disease, generally chronic and the more insidious and devastating because it attacks the most self-respecting and respected. It creeps into the home of the preacher and poet alike.

The symptoms are clearly defined and they show rapid progression of the disease. The malady has been prevalent in the land department since November last, the germ having survived from last winter by way of a tee-weight "shot."

The disease at first is of a very mild type. It may be in your system for months, yea, years, for Joe McDill remarked on a recent occasion at the Granite rink: "There must be a lot in curling, because no one gets anything out of it."

Regarding the nature of the attack and symptoms observed: First a besom is secured and you enter the "rummy" class. No! No! Not the drinking class. A curler never indulges in rum-drinking. The class you are assigned to is what they term "the lead." The lead must be a good little fellow and do just as the skip directs.

You go to the far end of the rink and place your foot in an opening in the ice, while he (the skip) shouts at you in a foreign and Scottish language. He directs that you "lay" a "stane" in a given place, failing which (and it usually happens) he proceeds to tell you where you belong and what you can and cannot do. A good lead never "sasses" back. He may feel his oats and wish he'd eaten more porridge in his boyhood days, but that does not help him in his foreign surroundings. He must keep a bold front. He solemnly resolves (to himself) to do better on the next one, and get hep to the language of the game.

The lead's next effort will very probably prove worse than the first test. He sends his first rock down the rink and it falls about eight feet short of reaching the "hog line," and the obstruction of the "dead" rock is rushed to the clear, where the foreigners chatter in their own language, saying that the fellow is a helluva man to have on a rink.

His second attempt is most disgraceful, the rock "shimmying" on its upward course. Cecil Joslyn, an authority on the game, will whisper, in a curler's breath, that a poor start assuredly means a good ending, and if you stay long enough your "end" will soon be in sight. On the next end luck may favor the rummy, and like Godfrey Bellingham's famous Edmonton Plymouth rocks, the lead may "lay two" in a single night. This leads to some encouragement and you may inwardly resolve on the next occasion to purchase a besom of your own, or steal one. It's a great game, so Arthur Swindell informs us, for men over sixty.

FORTY YEARS IN THE H.B.C. SERVICE INLAND

(Continued from February issue)

By N. M. W. J. MacKenzie

I HAD not been engaged as carpenter at Fort Ellice many weeks when I learned that the service contracts of several of the Company's men in the district were to expire that summer (1877). Some of them announced that they would be leaving for the Old Land in the Autumn.

Among these was Donald McLeod, the fort blacksmith. Others proclaimed their intention to settle down in the country as free men "on their own." They assured us that they would in any case remain under the Union Jack, which was floating proudly in a light breeze at the top of the flagstaff in the square, with the large letters H.B.C. in white against its background of red, white and blue; whereupon the boys all sang in good English, "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," this being about all the English some of them could give utterance to.

God bless them all, for they were certainly loyal to the Company, and to their queen and country. Those were the sentiments and class of men that made friends and allies of the Indians, and held Rupert's Land and the great Northwest Territories for the British crown. Again I repeat that the men of the H.B.C. and their connecting affinity with the Indians made the peaceful settlement of the Northwest Territories possible. Many people in the country today do not know nor realize how much they are indebted to the sagacity, honesty, faithfulness and bravery of the men of the H.B.C. throughout the whole territory for the peace and comfort they enjoy.

One of my earliest duties was to make some window sashes to take the place of several parchments that served as windows in several of the buildings. There was also a lot of broken panes of glass which I was to replace with new glass in the windows of the fort. There were also floors and shelving and counters required in some of the stores. I was given as helpers three Indians who always worked round the fort, and were very handy at rough carpenter work. They could speak a little English with a strong Scotch accent. They said that they were some of the pit-saw men that had pit-sawed most of the boards that I saw piled round, and that they had also worked with Jacob Beads when he was building the Factor's house.

They told me they could hew logs, build York boats, scows and Red river carts, make snowshoes, dog-sleighs and many other things in the wood-working line, "because Jacob learned us since we were boys." It appeared that nobody could excel Jacob because he knew everything. I found out afterwards that this Jacob was the great authority on the manufacture of the various things mentioned by them; also a first-class workman. I afterwards saw many samples of his handiwork which were both mechanically good and substantial.

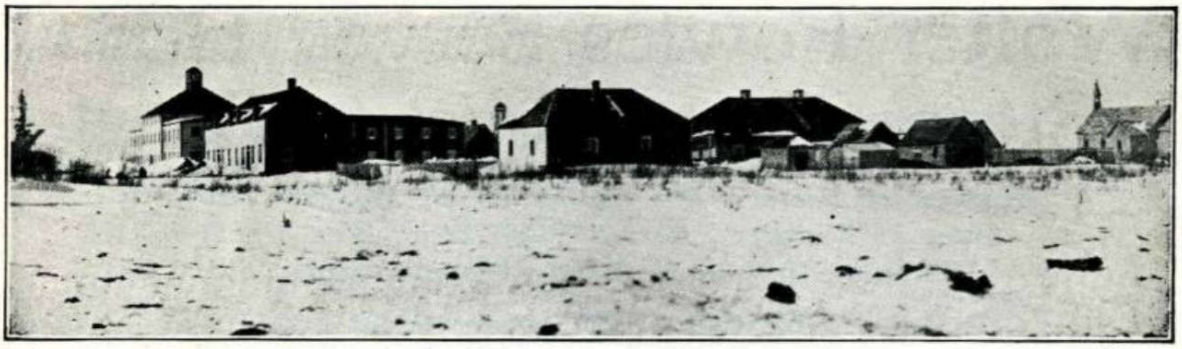
Jacob was an old man then. He had made many trips with the Swan river fur brigades to York Factory. He was a halfbreed, and a highly respected servant of the Company. He died at Fort Pelly, but his fame as a carpenter lived for many years afterwards.

I sent two of the Indians to glaze up all the broken windows. The other and I started to straighten up the workshop, as it was very untidy.

There was a splendid work-bench fully equipped and my companion remarked after looking silently at the bench for some time, "Jacob made that with his own hands." And many other things in the shop which we were arranging brought back memories of Jacob; in fact, "J.B." was stamped on many of the tools in the shop that was now the property of the Company, but had formerly been the private property of Jacob.

We ground and sharpened tools all afternoon on a very excellent grindstone that had also been used by Jacob. John was pounding away on the anvil. Horses were being brought to and taken away from the forge by John's helper. Everything was getting familiar to me and I started my men with the rip hand-saw on the wood for the window sashes, having previously taken the measurements. That evening we reported good progress all round, having sorted out the lumber required for the flooring and shelving referred to.

(*Continued on page 18*)



YORK FACTORY, the great fur capital of the north for a hundred and seventy-five years, was founded in 1671 by Grosseilliers on the north bank of the Hayes river, three miles from the point where the river empties into Hudson Bay. It has been variously called Fort Bourbon, Nelson and York. In the long contest between the French and English for control of the fur trade around the Bay, Fort York had a stormy career. It was taken by the French in 1682; by the English in 1684; retaken by Iberville, 1694; again captured by the English in 1696 and by the French in 1697. After its recapture by the English in 1714, the old fort became the principal supply and trade headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company. The western nations of Indians often came down from the interior to York Factory in numbers as great as fifteen hundred to trade with H.B.C. York Factory is today district headquarters for H.B.C. Nelson River District under the charge of Mr. Chris. Harding.

WHEN MERCHANDISE CAME DOWN THE RED

Red River Steamboat Company's Circular of 1872 Brings Old Memories

"KITTY Red River Transportation Line" is the letterhead of a printed notice nearly forty-nine years old. The notice, which is dated "St. Paul, Minn., June 5, 1872," is addressed to B. R. Ross, a member of Winnipeg's first board of trade, organized in 1873.

It reads: "On account of extreme low water on the Red river we have this day advanced rates of passage and freight from Moorhead to Fort Garry, making through rate from St. Paul to Duluth as follows:

PASSAGE	*First Class*	*Second Class*
St. Paul to Ft. Garry	*$23.00*	*$18.00*
Duluth to Ft. Garry	*20.00*	*16.00*
FREIGHT	***Per 100 Lbs.***	
St. Paul to Ft. Garry	*$23.00*	*$18.00*
Duluth to Ft. Garry	.....	*3.50*

(On ordinary mdse.)

In the winter of 1871-72 James J. Hill, afterwards president of the Great Northern Railway, built a steamer to ply the Red river. In the spring of 1872 the boat made her first trip to Fort Garry, heavily laden with merchandise of every description. This was the steamer "Selkirk" which, as Mr. Hill had taken the precaution to bond her in the United States customs, had the pleasure and profit of carrying all the Red river supplies the spring she was built, as the other Red river boat, the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer "International," had up to that time not complied with the United States customs requirements as to bonding.

However, the Hudson's Bay Company soon remedied this by turning the "International" over to Mr. Kittson—the same mentioned in the above notice—who was at that time their agent in St. Paul. Mr. Kittson, being an American citizen, bonded the steamer without delay, and at the same time announced that she would carry freight and passengers. As a result of this, the merchants of Manitoba gave the "International" the preference.

The building of this steamer by the late Mr. Hill was thus an epoch-making event in the history of Manitoba. It commenced a traffic which in a year or two reached large proportions. It was a death-blow to the freighting of goods over the plains by means of carts, and at the outset was a great hardship to Manitoba merchants, as Mr. Hill charged the full rate of sixteen shillings per hundred pounds from St. Paul to Winnipeg, payable in cash; whereas the freight by carts had been paid in half cash, half goods, which greatly reduced the actual cost of carriage.

Walter Fowles Served H.B.C. Stores From Coast to Coast

Manager of Eastern Buying Agency at Montreal Got His Start at Winnipeg Retail When Store Was Finest in Canada—Has Made Steady Progress Since 1888.

By NOEL EVANS, *Associate Editor*

THE records of the Hudson's Bay Company are replete with instances of men who have loyally devoted their entire life in the service of this historic corporation. By dint of untiring perseverance, ability and hard work, they have risen from the ranks to positions of responsibility and importance.

An apt example of this is illustrated by the career of Mr. Walter Fowles, manager of the H.B.C. buying office in Montreal. It is difficult to realize that Mr. Fowles, who seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth, is one of the oldest employees of the stores department. He entered the service on October 1st, 1888, a lad of nineteen years, as clerk in the Winnipeg Retail branch. At that time the Winnipeg store was considered the largest and finest store in Canada, and counted among its patrons most of the wealthy and influential citizens of the West.

WALTER FOWLES, ESQ.
Manager, Eastern Buying Agency

Two years later Mr. Fowles was transferred to the Winnipeg Depot, which was then a central distribution point for supplies for all the Company's stores. For seven years he remained at the Depot, in the dry goods section, thereby gaining an intimate insight into the requirements of the various Western branches.

While fitting himself for higher responsibilities, it had always been his desire and ambition to seek fame and fortune in the far West, and, as luck would have it, the opportunity occurred, when in 1897 he was offered the position of buyer for the men's clothing and furnishings department at Vancouver Retail.

While Mr. Fowles, with characteristic modesty, disclaims any responsibility for placing Vancouver store on the map, it is a fact that shortly after his arrival events materialized that made that city's name known throughout the world. I refer to the great Klondyke rush in the Spring of 1898.

From this time on the expansion of the Vancouver store became so rapid that Mr. Fowles was appointed assistant manager and served in that capacity until 1911, when he was transferred to establish a buying office to be known as the Eastern Buying Agency. From a small beginning this office has become an important factor in the Company's business.

Years of careful study of merchandise in his association with the retail stores, and familiarity with the requirements of the various classes of people in Western Canada, have eminently fitted Mr. Fowles for this important position, where he supervises the purchases of all visiting H.B.C. buyers to the Eastern Canadian and United States markets. Mr. Fowles is held in high esteem by the buyers and officials of the stores department and enjoys the respect of all classes of business men in the East with whom he comes in contact. While a hard driver of bargains, he is well known to be in-

variably fair and courteous in all his dealings.

Although at a busy office like the E.B.A. holidays are always more or less scarce, Mr. Fowles has been known on an occasional sultry afternoon, when business permitted, to trek to the golf links in his trusty "Dodge," accompanied by a sufficient quota of "tired business men" to make a foursome at the Country Club.

All who are associated with Mr. Fowles wish him very many more years of useful service in the H.B.C.

As his eldest son Frank is following his father's footsteps, being now employed in the fur trade at Pelican Narrows, there is every reason to expect that the family name will appear on the Company's records for many years.

Sir George Simpson, the Empire Builder

(*Continued from March Issue*)

By REV. R. G. MacBETH, Vancouver

Simpson Secured Appointment of Council of Assiniboia

This, then, was the man to whom was committed the difficult but necessary task of establishing some uniform system of government over a vast country whose trade in furs he was to specially develop. For the first fifteen years of his leadership he formulated regulations himself and enforced them by local constables in the various scattered outposts. But he was keenly observant and saw that the work could not be done by any one man in view of the increase of population and the growth of business. So in 1835 he asked permission of the company's executive in London and secured the appointment of the "Council of Assiniboia," consisting of himself as president and fifteen influential members of the Red river colony as councillors. The country was divided into judicial districts with local magistrates in charge. Laws in harmony with British institutions were passed and until the country grew to a stage where elective bodies became necessary, the "Council of Assiniboia" did wonderfully effective and valuable work for the country.

Of that Council of Assiniboia I heard much in the early days. It continued to exercise authority till the Canadian regime began in 1870, and from my father, who was a member of the council, and who lived to the age of nearly ninety, I learned much of its work. The chief thing he rejoiced in was that nothing like bribery or corruption or what we now call graft had ever been even imagined in connection with that governing body in the great old days. They did their work with a high sense of its importance and, as he used to say with Highland pride, "they neither courted the favor nor feared the frown of anybody on the face of the earth."

Solid Foundations for Western Canada Well Laid

Sir George Simpson died in 1860 at Lachine, leaving a record of remarkable achievement. We may not in our day approve of all the particular forms of industrial organization that prevailed in those early times. Monopolies are not to be cultivated indefinitely and the right of people to a substantial and determining part in governing themselves was recognized as ultimately inevitable and necessary by men like Sir George Simpson, even though his own day required a certain amount of autocratic control. He foresaw and worked for the coming time as well as for his own generation. But while we may not follow all their methods we should honor the memory of the strong men who opened up a new Empire to the world. They were more anxious to prove themselves loyal and capable men than they were to get common reward. They had a faith that made them in a proper sense self-reliant and courageous. They never waited around for something to turn up. They went to work and turned it up for themselves. And so the foundations of the West were well and truly laid. Let us build upon them an honorable and generous nation which shall influence human history to the end of time.

FORTY YEARS IN THE H.B.C. SERVICE INLAND

(*Continued from page 14*)

We played quoits in the evening with horse shoes. John and I both were beaten and to console us by "rubbing it in," one of the glazier competitors told us that Jacob could beat any of them easily as he nearly always made a "ringer."

John and I used to practice the game behind the bluff after that and soon were able to take our place against any of the others. John made a standard set of quoits with which we could put up a better game, as they did not have a tendency to roll like the horseshoes. Many "tight" competitions and good shots interspersed with "ringers" were recorded.

There seemed to be great numbers of Indians arriving and pitching their tents on a small plain some distance behind the Fort. The clerks were very busy in the trading store. This was the first band of Indians, squaws, youngsters, dogs, horses, travois, carts and other equipment that I had seen. My duties at the moment prevented anything but a casual glance as they were coming and going to and from the trading store. My man, "Savage," said it was chiefs White Bear and Way-Way-Se-Cappow with their respective bands, and they had to come in from the plains to trade as well as to pay the Fort a friendly visit, and to have a council meeting with the Factor.

In the evening we went out to see the camp. The tents of each band were pitched clear and distinct from one another, but quite close together. The tents were made of dressed buffalo hides, and the principal ones were painted on the outside with all manner of Indians on horseback and all kinds of insignia of the band.

They were preparing for a dog feast that night. The kettles were boiling on tripods over the fires. Outside where the feast was to take place the tom-toms, or drums, and rattles that were to provide the music were already beginning to boom out, and the dogs were howling in chorus.

All being ready, the Indians seated themselves in a large circle on the grass round the fires where the feast was in preparation. Everyone brought his or her own cup and plate to receive a portion of the dog meat, tea and bannock. Then the master of ceremonies instructed his assistants, who were all inside the circle, round the fire. Elaborate ceremonies were carried out before the serving began. This was a sign for the musicians to get into action.

It did not require long for the contents of the kettles to be exhausted. Amid grunts of satisfaction all round the circle, a warrior would get up, walk into the circle and give a great oration on his deeds of valor; how many of the enemy scalps he had taken, the number of horses he had stolen and the number of young girls he had carried away during many of his adventurous trips on the warpath among enemy tribes, the valorous deeds of whom were as chaff compared to his own great feats of daring and so on *ad infinitum*.

The speakers were not limited to time, nor questioned as to the truthfulness of their harangue; but each one was expected to outdo previous speakers and the imagination was strained in most cases to the breaking point. Each speaker got a great ovation from the squatting circle of Indians when he finished speaking. Dogs and drums joined in the applause. Anyone was privileged to get up in his place and dance—not moving his feet, but with upward and downward motions of the body, and swaying to the rhythm of the drums and reed whistles.

Sometimes the whole circle would rise at one time and go through these various contortions. The Indians' whoops of hilarity, which one could appreciate only by hearing them, were almost continuous.

And thus went on the merry dance, feast and pipe of peace, during the entire night. Following the feast, silence reigned in the camp for a number of hours. Everyone was happy and contented. The dog feast had been a success. This particular feast appears to have been a farewell party as the two bands of Indians parted company a few days afterwards.

Way-Way-Se-Cappow and his band pitching off, went north to the Lizard Point and Shell river country, while White Bear and his band went south to the Moose Mountain country, all being equipped at the Fort for the fall hunting of large and small game and fur-bearing animals.

On the evening following the feast we were all sitting on the bank as was the custom of the men, officers and clerks, when shortly after sundown I heard my first whip-poor-will singing in its flight up and down the valley. The word "whip-poor-will" was as clear and distinct as if spoken or sung by a musical human voice. I was told that this bird had never as yet been heard farther west than Fort Ellice.

Afterwards I often stood on the river bank in the evenings and listened to the ever fascinating call of this shy night bird. I heard him in later years in the Qu'Appelle valley. Here the echo of song could be distinctly heard, which made it all the more interesting. I never heard the whip-poor-will in any other part of the country.

There were thousands of wild pigeons in the vicinity of the valley and bluffs at this time, and pigeon pie was a favourite dish with us, especially on Sundays, when we had lots of time to prepare and cook it. In a few years these fine birds had disappeared from the country. Years ago they were there in millions.

The main posts in Swan River district in 1876 were Fort Ellice, Fort Qu'-Appelle, Fort Pelly, Touchwood Hills Post, Egg Lake Post, Shell River Post, and Riding Mountain House Post. The Red River Riel Rebellion in 1869-70 had caused a good deal of unrest among many of the interior Indians, but treaties had been made with most of them by the officials of the Dominion Government, many of whom were ex-officers of the Company.

Things had become fairly normal again and had so remained until the eventful summer of 1876, when General Custer and his whole army were massacred by the Sioux Indians under Sitting Bull. This was entirely a United States affair, but the terrible and sometimes exaggerated reports had a visible effect on the Canadian Indians which took some time to allay, as the Sioux were at that time the sworn enemies of many tribes and bands of the Canadian Indians.

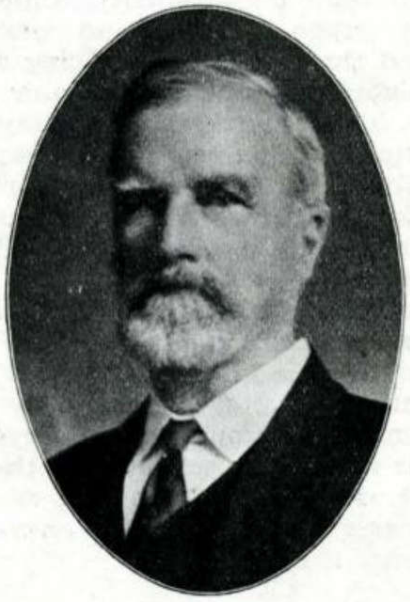
So long as they obeyed the laws of the country they received reservations of land for those who wished to settle in the country as British subjects; otherwise there was no formal treaty made with them as with our own Canadian Indians. The Sioux Chief, Standing Buffalo, on their reserve at Fort Qu'Appelle, who was a savage pagan and barbarian in 1876, is now, in 1920, a paid up life member of the Red Cross Society, and has always been a good H.B.C. man during his residence in Canada.

(To be continued)

T. A. Reynolds Served Forty Years.

Retired H.B.C. Fur Trader Interviewed at "Last Camp."

By W. M. CONN.



MR. T. A. REYNOLDS, after serving for nearly forty years inland for the Hudson's Bay Company, retired in 1903 and returned to civilization, settling at Brockville, on the St. Lawrence. There he built a most delightful rustic home and named it the "Last Camp."

Mr. Reynolds' last charge with H.B.C. was the Gulf Posts, with headquarters at Bersimis, Quebec, where he lived for six years.

In 1876 he was ordered from the province of Quebec to the Lake Superior district, to follow up and prevent from trading an all-round "desperado" from Minnesota who had gone into the interior to trade with and overawe the Indians. This man and his party had been in Canada during the season of 1875, and had intimidated the manager of a small outpost and actually taken furs from the store. He was an expert

rifle and pistol shot and had two notches on his Colt's, accounting for the lives of two men somewhere in the far Western United States.

With four men, Mr. Reynolds took the trail at Red Rock in October, overhauled the opposition group two days before Christmas and built a shack adjacent to the gunman's quarters. From then until the following June, Mr. Reynolds kept strict watch over the gunman and his party night and day. Finally, he followed him down to Lake Superior and saw him depart for Duluth. He says this was one of the most trying and nerve wracking experience of his service. When he took up the work he weighed one hundred seventy-seven pounds, and when he reached the coast the following spring he weighed only one hundred thirty.

On his retirement, Mr. Reynolds took up literature as a pastime and has contributed, under a pen name, articles and short stories to the leading outdoor magazines in Canada and the United States.

A collection of some of these stories was brought out in book form in 1907 under the title "Canadian Wilds" and has run into several editions.

From last accounts Mr. Reynolds, who is now in his seventy-eighth year, is enjoying good health and says his one regret is that *The Beaver* was not published in his day.

KAMLOOPS, B.C. STORE NEWS

Miss Gillanders, of the dry goods department, and Miss Larson, of the hardware department, are back to the store again after a few weeks' illness looking better than ever.

After being in the shoe department for the past four years, Miss Ellison has decided that she would like to be a stenographer, having accepted a position in that capacity in the city. Miss Ellison has been succeeded by Miss Janet Muir, and we wish them both every success.

Mr. J. P. Hall, recently of the liquor department of Regina, Sask., is back in Kamloops once more looking in the best of health. The sight of Jack always reminds us of old days.

Miss Annie Sargent, of the dry goods department, is home for a few weeks preparing herself for a new set of molars. She says when she gets back again that she will be able to chew the rag with anybody.

While not admitted by Mr. H. Rowbottom himself, we have every reason to believe that he is nearing the end of his single life.

We would like to know why Mr. Fowler, manager of the tobacco department, is anxiously collecting American money.

Miss Hughie left for Vancouver recently to consult a specialist about her eyes.

Mr. Milne, of the dry goods department, and Mr. Booth, of the Men's furnishing department, returned from a buying trip to the European sample room at Calgary.

LETHBRIDGE STORE NEWS

The week of March 7th was the first week of Winter we have had in 1920 and 1921. The heavy snow fall will create reserve moisture for Spring crops, which was badly needed. The kind Chinook has come and the snow is rapidly disappearing. We look forward for warm weather during our Spring opening, Easter week.

Mrs. E. Mars, manager of the ladies' ready-to-wear department, has returned after a month's visit to Eastern markets.

Mr. J. Young, manager of the dry goods department, was recently in Calgary with Mr. J. White, European representative. Mr. Young reports reduction of prices in many lines of merchandise, but British and French lines are still high.

Mr. Geo. Burns, manager of the shoe department, spent a day in Calgary looking up lines for his department.

Mr. P. K. Sangster, advertising manager, has been the busiest man in the store for the past three weeks, preparing for our Easter opening.

Mrs. B. Stiven has returned to her position in the ready-to-wear department after six weeks' rest. Mrs. Stivens is feeling much better after her visit to the mountains.

H.B.C. Motto Is "Quality Goods"—

At Winnipeg, Vancouver or Three Thousand Miles Northward

By J. K. SEAL

THE outstanding policy of the Hudson's Bay Company is expressed fully in the motto "Quality Goods," and is carried out to its fullest meaning throughout the ramifications of the huge business that has developed during the past 250 years.

From Labrador to the Pacific, from the International boundary to miles beyond the Arctic circle, stretches a chain of H.B.C. stores, some the latest word in modern construction, others well to the front, but one and all, irrespective of size, having one motto—"Quality"—*the very best procurable*.

To the Canadian city dweller this is an understood and accepted fact. But how many of those dwellers in cities realize what a boon and a blessing is that policy of the Company to the men *in back of beyond?* All over the Dominion, in places rarely heard of are H.B.C. trading posts, some so far away that two or three mails a year is all the connection they have with the outside world—only the mail and supply boats and *then isolation for another long period*.

Try to imagine what a tragedy it would be if their supplies arrived inferior or unfit. The bacon, beans, flour and the hundred and one items that make up the cases and bales that bear that well-known mark—"*H.B.C.*"—contain the same class and quality of goods as that the housewife purchases in the big department stores of the Company throughout Western Canada.

The Factor and his men at the posts and thousands of Indians depend absolutely on the supplies shipped from Montreal, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver. Only quality goods will stand the test that is put on the various bales and cases that go up into the north country—miles and miles by every method of water transportation—steamer, scow and canoe.

Let us follow a typical shipment through to its destination—supplies for Fort McPherson, 2500 miles north

RED RIVER CARTS arriving at an H.B.C. Fort These famous burden bearers of the Old West were for nearly a century a strong link in the Great Company's chain of transportation which provided a dependable supply service over thousand-mile stretches of Canadian prairie.

of Edmonton—sacks of bacon and flour, numerous bales and cases—all the supplies that Fort McPherson depends on. This shipment travels from Winnipeg to Edmonton and thence to Fort McMurray by rail; thence by steamer on the River Athabasca, stopping at Fort McKay; thence across the neck of Lake Athabasca to Fort Chipewyan.

From Fort Chipewyan the goods are loaded on the S.S. Fort McMurray and carried on down the Slave River to Fort FitzGerald. All goods are unloaded there and portaged to Fort Smith, sixteen miles further on.

Our bales are then loaded on the H.B.S.S. MacKenzie River, for the longest leg of their trip. From Fort Smith they go to Fort Resolution on Great Slave lake; still on, always north, stopping at Fort Providence, Fort Simpson, Fort Wrigley, Fort Norman and Fort Good Hope. At each post some of the goods are unloaded.

At Fort Good Hope they pass the Arctic circle, into the Arctic regions. Still travelling north, they reach Arctic Red river and at last Fort McPherson, on the delta of the McKenzie river. There the bales are unloaded and transferred to the Company's warehouse, each package being checked out carefully on its arrival.

If you are curious, *wait until the goods are opened up*. Examine the different items. You will find just the same good grades that you will get in Winnipeg or Vancouver. *Quality goods all the time*—everywhere H.B.C. operates. That is the motto.

WINNIPEG

Retail Store News

April Fool-ishness

Good-day to you! Well, here we all are again! How's everything? That's good! Question is, did you get April-fooled as badly this year as last?

Weeks in advance of this foolish date something spooky has been at work in the store, sending people on foolish errands, making them look foolish and feel foolish all over. Whether this mystic influence is wag or scalawag most of us know not, but it hopelessly upset the gravity of its victims. For instance:

Supposed out-of-town resident, speaking long distance, persuaded Mr. Atkins to bring a big cabinet phonograph and play it into the telephone on the pretense that he was unable to come in to hear it.

Pompous party on the telephone had Mr. McBride make a special trip to the second floor to find out whether it was possible to procure Hawaiian goat furs.

Mr. Saalfeld's dentist, Doctor G—— (apparently) telephoned re former's ulcerated tooth and made a false appointment.

"Bert," well known friend of Mr. Tom Johnson, phoned to ask if Tom would appreciate two or three tickets for that night's hockey match. Said he would send them over. A little later, Mr. MacMicken at the wholesale (so the voice said) phoned to say a boy with tickets for a Mr. Thomas Johnson had probably by mistake gone to the wholesale. He would direct the boy to the retail. Tickets didn't come. Tom furious.

Climax: When Mr. MacGregor left for the East his beautiful framed enlargement was spirited away, and after his departure shipped to him "Express Collect."

SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN

Chug from Gasoline Club: To Mr. S. Drennan a new "Overland." To Mr. S. Beggs, an "Overland" roadster. Both doing well.

As Mr. Welsh was just about to inquire: "Is the hoarse, throaty voice of a C.N.R. engine whistling to its mate these days a sign of Spring?"

Mr. Leckie has a bottle quietly delivered to his home frequently before the residents of his "block" are up. Of course he tries to make us think that it contains milk.

Mr. Gerald MacGregor has left us to accept a position with a large chain store organization in the east. "Mac" had been with us for eight years and was into everything around the store, consequently we shall miss him for many a long day.

We regret that Mr. Hoccon has been confined to bed for several weeks, but trust he will soon again appear in his accustomed place, fully restored in health.

Those intending to commit matrimony during Anniversary Celebration Week will kindly forward, at once, to Mr. Drennan, a memorandum stating name, address, age (if any) color of eyes, disposition (whether gentle or savage) and preference for rice or confetti. (Signed) Minister of Colonization.

Winnipeg Moustache Club.—Muster parade, April 31, 1921, in preparation for Anniversary week. Bandoliers and spurs. Those who have not yet received an issue of pomade will forthwith draw this from quarter-master stores.

(Signed) W. Saalfeld, Q.M.S.

WHOLESALE—DEPOT

P. M. Rennie has gone to Regina for a brief visit.

Mr. Watson (Billy) has joined the staff, taking Meikle's place as accountant in the depot office.

Mr. and Mrs. Veysey, Mr. and Mrs. Evans and other members of the staff enjoyed themselves greatly at the Company's dance in the Fort Garry on March 14th.

Do not forget the dance on April 11th at Fort Garry Hotel.

Things we want to know:

Why is it, that if a man gets bald-headed, the baldness starts from the centre of the head instead of from the circumference?

One of the things that won't get you anywhere: Working with one eye on the clock.

Wholesale Depot, H.B.C. Curling Champions

Retain Cup by Winning Against Land Dept. and Retail Challengers.

THE H.B.C. curling season at Winnipeg finished in fine style, with a Bonspiel between the Land, Retail and Wholesale departments for the possession of that much coveted cup. The cup itself is a big one and valuable, because it carries the H.B.C. Winnipeg Curling Championship with it. The cup rested with the Retail from the winter of 1915-16 until last year when the Wholesale, after a royal battle, worsted the Retail on points and games and brought home the trophy.

This year the Wholesale had to face another challenger, the Land Department, which decided to make a try for the cup. Three rinks from the wholesale were selected to play three rinks from each of the challenging departments. The scoreboard below shows how the cupholders won on total points the right to retain the precious cup for another year.

LAND		WHOLESALE (Cupholders)		RETAIL	
Bellingham	11	Poitras	6		
Harman	4	A. Thompson	8		
Joslyn	6	Ross	15		
		Poitras	10	Bowdler	8
		A. Thompson	11	Scott	3
		Ross	9	Parker	7
Bellingham	9			Parker	9
Harman	5			Bowdler	16
Joslyn	3			Scott	10
Totals	38		59		53

Landing a "Whale" at Minaki

ALL you anglers, you devotees of Isaak Walton, you exhibitors of small fish and other funny things, give way, make place and hear how I, *Rain-in-the-Face,* the mighty hunter and fisher, caught a fish that was a fish, a veritable King of Fishdom.

Here is the affidavit

In May, 1920, after our big chief had smoked the pipe of peace and journeyed further west, I, *Rain-in-the-Face,* went to Minaki the beautiful, to smoke and fish. One day, drifting along in a canoe, a line out, pipe aglow —came a tug. By all the great Cree Chiefs! There never was such a strike—and then—we fought, that King of Fish and I, for hours till the arm grew numb and muscles ached. At last, after a long, weary struggle, we had him. Such a fish. Look at his unretouched portrait.

A Muskellunge: Length, 47 inches; girth, 22 inches; weight, 40 pounds; caught with 2½ inch otter bait.

On opening up this fish a twenty-three inch Jack-fish was found which had been swallowed whole for a meal.

(Editor's Note.—Don't make it too hard, Chief, for succeeding tellers of fish tales. Remember, truth counts in this competition).

New Salesman at Wholesale-Depot

Myrle Snider

Myrle Snider is the latest and also the youngest addition to the city sales force. Twenty-two years of age, full of pep, keen at business and fond of sport. He will sell confectionery, making a specialty of our own products, *Royal Dessert, Country Club, Luxura, Delicia, Valley Sweets,* manufactured in Winnipeg by H.B.C.

H.B.C. CURLING ASSOCIATIONS, WINNIPEG, 1921 (Finals)

Land Department

SKIP	Games Played	Won	Lost	Standing
Joslyn	12	7	5	.583
Bellingham	12	6	6	.500
Harman	11	5	6	.454
McDill	11	5	6	.454

Retail Store

Bowdler	11	8	3	.727
Parker	11	8	3	.727
Mills	11	8	3	.727
Scott	11	7	4	.636
Tait	11	6	5	.555
Pearen	11	6	5	.555
Ogston	11	6	5	.555
Sidey	11	5	6	.454
MacGregor	11	4	7	.363
Healy	11	3	8	.272
Pugsley	11	3	8	.272
Sparling	11	2	9	.181

Wholesale—Depot

A. Thompson	9	8	1	.888
Veysey	9	6	3	.666
Poitras	9	6	3	.666
Johnson	9	5	4	.555
Swan	9	4	5	.444
Phelan	9	4	5	.444
O. Thompson	9	4	5	.444
Brock	9	3	6	.333
McMicken	9	3	6	.333
Kinsman	9	2	7	.222

Note—Veysey and Poitras played off for second position, Veysey winning 12-5.

Third H.B.A.A. Dance at Winnipeg

THE several departments of the Company at Winnipeg joined in making a great success the third H.B.A.A. dance of the season which was held March 14th at the Fort Garry. More than three hundred and twenty-five were in attendance from the staffs of the land, store, wholesale-depot and executive departments.

Another big Company dance is scheduled for April 11th at the Garry.

"Lady Kindersley" Launched

THE "Lady Kindersley," H.B.C. Auxiliary Schooner for the Western Arctic fur trade, was launched at Vancouver at high tide March 26th.

On her maiden voyage north the ship will carry four small sailing schooners which the Company will use for coastwise work in the Mackenzie delta.

Mr. FitzGerald Back From England

MR. EDWARD FITZGERALD, deputy chairman of the Canadian Advisory Committee, returned to Winnipeg at Easter after a six weeks' absence in London on Company's business.

Keewatin District News

MR. D. A. McIVOR, Rossville Outpost, under Norway House, is the proud father of a daughter born February 20th.

Mr. Joslyn says:

The weaker sex
Is that portion
Of the human race
Who goes downtown
In zero weather
In half-masted lace waist
And pumps
To buy a muffler
And woolen socks
For her husband
So he can go to work.

MONTREAL

H.B.C. Eastern Buying Agency News

MESSRS. *Crump, Bodel and Scott,* respectively from Vancouver, Calgary and Winnipeg, inform us that during their recent sojourn in New York City the H.B.C. was nearly placed in the awkward position of being obliged to replace three perfectly good and useful buyers of hardware, toys, etc. These gentlemen, while staying at the Hotel Seville, were awakened during the dead of night by dense clouds of smoke and the clang of numerous fire gongs. For a considerable time all was panic and confusion, but happily no casualties resulted and the fire was soon extinguished. Our hearty congratulations to these friends upon their lucky escape from what might have so easily developed into a tragedy.

Mr. Hunter, who has for some time past been connected with our Calgary branch, has been appointed one of the buyers for Victoria. This gentleman has been spending several days in Montreal and has now proceeded west again. We wish him success.

Mr. Harvey and Mr. Pellett, both from Edmonton Retail, are making their initial buying visit to this market in the interests of the Company.

Buyers recently visiting the Eastern Buying Agency are:

Mr. Crump, Vancouver Retail.
Miss Currie, Vancouver Retail.
Mr. Clarke, Vancouver Retail.
Mr. Walker, Edmonton Retail.
Mr. Briggs, Edmonton Retail.
Mr. Bodel, Calgary Retail.
Mr. Macdonald, Calgary Retail.
Miss Adams, Calgary Retail.
Miss Patton, Calgary Retail.
Miss Girrard, Calgary Retail.
Mrs. McKay, Calgary Retail.
Mr. Mulholland, Calgary Retail.
Mr. Scott, Winnipeg Retail.
Mr. Purves, Winnipeg Wholesale.

We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. F. Sparling, general manager of the Winnipeg branch, during March. —*Noel Evans.*

IT was erroneously reported in March *Beaver* that the Eastern Buying Agency offices are to be removed to new quarters at 56 McGill Street. This item should have read that the Montreal Agency offices will occupy the building now being remodelled at 56 McGill Street. The Eastern Buying Agency will move May 1st from the present location in St. John Street to the new Birks Building.

How Times Do Change!

The Good Old Days	*The Present Days*
Buggy rides	Movies.
Booze	Jitneys.
5c cigars.	Jazz bands.
Whiskers.	50c haircuts.
$10 suits.	Two-bit shaves.
Boots	Silk shirts.
Real blondes.	Low necks.
10c shaves.	Bolshevists.
Bustles.	Sugar shortage.
Tintypes.	Coal shortage.
Corsets.	Skirt shortage.
Side saddles.	Silk hose.
Nickel car rides.	The shimmy.
2c R.R. fares.	Wrist watches.
Free lunches.	Seven-cent fares.
Foot dancing.	$100 suits.
Dollar watches.	Cafeterias.
Town pump.	$3 wheat.
Kerosene lamps.	6-hour days.
Pants patches.	$18 shoes.
2-piece bathing suit.	Jamaica ginger.
Coal to burn.	Prohibition.
Celluloid collars.	Manicures.
$1-a-day hotels.	Golf.
Natural complexions.	Plucked eyebrows.
Home-made bread.	Joy riding.
Starched collars.	Tight skirts.
Cotton stockings.	Bridge whist.
Moustache cups.	Skyscrapers.
Large families.	Divorces.
Longhand letters.	Reformers.

VERNON, B.C.

Answering a flippant query from Winnipeg in February's issue of *The Beaver* regarding a talented and much respected member of the Vernon staff. We would have sprung that *Trombone* joke ourselves, only it has become so hoary in Vernon that we fancied it had by this time penetrated even to Winnipeg. No! Mr. Bone's full name is not Trom Bone, it is plain T-Bone, and no nonsense.

Quite recently he made a *steak*—pardon! *stake*—in prize money from *The Canadian Grocer*. Not only that, but he is married and has a lot of *small fry* at home.

Miss Doris Thatcher is now wearing double-barrelled spectacles. Doris declares she can see twice as well now. We are not sure if these extra powerful lens will double her vision. Some people see double often—*extra glasses!*

Miss Roberta Covington appeared at her desk a few mornings ago with a glorious black eye; explanation, playing basket ball; someone hitting her eye for the ball. There are other ways of receiving a black beauty. 'Nuff sed.

Mrs. A. V. Whitelaw, buyer of ready-to-wear department; Mr. J. E. Andrews, buyer of dry goods department; and Mr. E. W. Caspell, buyer of men's furnishings department, visited Calgary during the month, to make selections from European samples for Fall, 1921, and incidentally brought back some new ideas. They all spoke highly of the splendid treatment received from the general manager and staff at the Calgary store.

Snowstorms have been plentiful the past two weeks. Spring, however, is with us now and we are enjoying beautiful Okanagan sunny weather. Vernon without doubt is the finest spot in the whole Dominion.

Mathematicians, Attention!

$10.00 in prizes for the correct answer to the following:

"If a salesperson and a half,
Sells a suit and a half,
In an hour and a half,
How many suits can six
salespersons sell in
ten hours?"

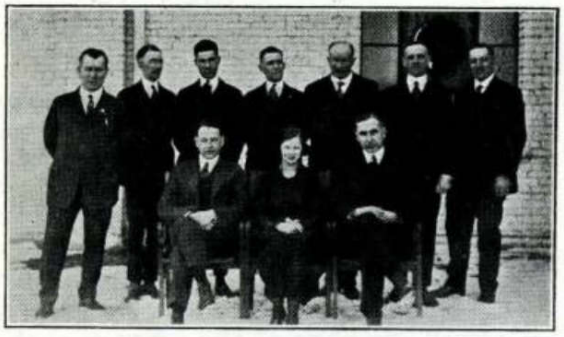
$3.00 for the first correct answer.

$2.00 for the second correct answer.

$1.00 each for the third to seventh correct answers.

Please mail all answers to the Puzzle Editor, *The Beaver*.

CALGARY



INTRODUCING

"The Beaver" Staff at Calgary

Top Row—J. F. Trainor, J. Walsh, N. Rooney, Lou Doll, J. G. Sprunt, W. Cunningham, H. Lambert.

Seated—F. R. Reeve, Miss J. McColl, G. Salter.

It is regretted that Mr. Wilkinson and Mrs. Marr were unable, through sickness, to be taken with this group.

Nellie Hutchinson's sweetheart asked her father for her hand the other night and got turned down. "Why do you object to my marrying her?" the love-sick swain cried mournfully.

"Because," said father, "you could not keep her in the style to which she has been accustomed."

"Well," replied hopeful Harry, "I could start her on bread and milk, same as you did."

Anglers (?) from Winnipeg

(C'est que rire!)

ONE fish—one poor, little, 39-inch, aged, worn-out, battered old Pike; full of years; dim of sight; not able to distinguish any longer the difference between a spinner and the real thing; the hero of a hundred fights. CAUGHT! Caught by two Winnipeggers, two amateurs, two vacationists on a trip. What an ending, what an inglorious finish! It is to weep. We can visualize the sad scene. Old Mr. Pike snugly cradled in a bunch of pike weed, warm and comfortable, drowsily wrapped in rumination on his past life, was happy in the senility that accompanies extreme old age; presently, feeling the pangs of hunger, he roused himself and feebly swam off in search of food. No longer having the strength or speed of youth, he had to more or less feed off dead matter and defunct fish. Whilst moving slowly through the water, he passed through a shadow and on going up to investigate, saw a canoe with the two Winnipeg trippers sound asleep in it. He wrinkled his snout in disgust and dived below again. He saw something shimmering on the bottom, investigated with his dim old eyes, concluded it was a little silvery shad asleep, and gulped it down whole. He felt the prick of the

hook and knew he was caught. Stunned with horror for a moment, he saw the line attached to the spinner, followed it up, and, horrors of horrors, found it came from the trippers' canoe. The disgrace was intense. No fish of his age and reputation could stand it. He turned with all the vigor of youth and swam some distance from the canoe, headed for it and with every ounce of speed he possessed, dashed his brains out against the side. The shock of the collision woke Messrs. Pugsley and Hughes, who sleepily asked each other the time and decided to paddle home. "Best draw in the line," said Pugsley; "there's nothing on it anyhow." It was done and lo! and behold the corpse of old Mr. Pike floated gently to the side of the canoe. Wild excitement, fervid handshakes, loud yells, frantic rush to the stage, and immediate clicking of cameras, and we have the photo which appeared in the March *Beaver*. It is to laugh!

And now listen to this:

Accompanied by friend wife, I proceeded to Seba Beach, on Lake Wabamumn, sixty miles west from Edmonton, last July. One morning some Edmontonites discoursed learnedly on fish and their habits and a couple who shall be nameless sang to high heaven of their record catch. They informed the world in general they would fish no more until their record was smashed, and they didn't expect to fish again that summer in consequence. I, as is the habit of an experienced fisherman, said nothing, but inquired as to this record. I was told with bated breath, "Why in one hour only, those two caught six pike."

I asked to be excused for a few minutes, hunted up friend wife and invited her to a paddle not to exceed forty-five minutes, took line and spoon and started off. Told friend wife to handle line and dropped it overboard. Proceeded to what I considered the best grounds for pike and commenced fishing. Was back at the stage in forty-five minutes with seven beauties as per photograph. Were they old and decrepit, aged, worn and blind? *They were not.* They were young and husky—clear of eye, keen of mind and rootin', tootin', fightin' sons-of-guns! And did they lash their own brains out? *They did not.* I did it for them. Were they caught by two husky guys? THEY WERE NOT. Friend wife caught them and hauled them aboard while I supplied the soothing syrup.—*F. R. Reeve.*

Conditions We Face Today

By J. M. GIBSON

General Manager, Calgary Retail

THE history of Anglo-Saxon development shows that the spirit of the people was ever at its best when reverses overtook them. We are passing through a period in the annals of our Company's great history that the men before us have ofttimes experienced and successfully combated.

It is up to us to put our shoulder to the wheel, and although the path at this time may not be strewn with roses, yet at the same time we think a determination for optimism and accelerated energy can overcome, difficult as might be, this period immediately ahead of us.

Get down to business each morning as if yesterday had been the most successful day's trading in our history. Carry on with that energy and assiduity which will clear all barriers from the pathway ahead and open the way to future successful activities.

Our Magazine

By G. SALTER

IT is generally considered at Calgary that those responsible for the creation of *The Beaver* have done a mighty fine stroke of business. We are able through its columns to learn of the doings of other H.B.C. stores in other cities and of the fellows 'way out at the fur Posts who have to be real men in every sense of the word.

Many of us, before the creation of *The Beaver,* had only a faint idea of what the workings of the fur trade branch of the service was like, of the hardships and pleasures they find in the fulfilment of their duties. But thanks to the several very fine articles which have already been published, we have now a good idea of the workings of the Posts. We are seeing more and more the magnitude of the Old Company.

We sincerely trust more of these articles will appear from time to time, which will be looked forward to with pleasure by all employees at Calgary.

One of Calgary's Spring Windows

Spring Opening 1921

IN the last issue of *The Beaver* we half promised a somewhat elaborate spring opening. These ideas, however, were modified for this season, and we devoted our entire energies to magnificent window displays and interior decorations of the second floor. We surrounded the entire opening with an air of dignity and exclusiveness, and that this found popularity with the public was evidenced by the large crowds who attended the two opening days. It was unfortunate that the two days chosen should have been between twenty and twenty-five below zero, but this did not seem to hold back women who were anxious to view new modes.

Much credit was due to Mr. Neil, display manager, for the unusually beautiful windows and interior decoraing work done by him for this opening. Credit is also due to Mr. Soares, the card artist, for the very effective panels created by him for the big corner window.

The accompanying photograph will serve to give some idea of the artistic nature of these displays.

Mrs. McKellar was looking very sad and Sam asked her what was the trouble. "Well," she said, "before we were married you used to buy me at least ten roses a week." "That was easy," said Sam, "this week I bought you two tons of coal and a roast."

Charlie Plows (carpet buyer) landed in Montreal and went straight to a hotel. Going into the private room he wrote on a slip of paper, "Bring me a scotch highball." When the waiter returned he wrote, "Bring me another." As the waiter brought in the second one Charlie started pulling out some money. The waiter wrote on a pad, "We do not charge deaf and dumb people for drinks here."

Mr. J. S. Smith, H.B.M., merchandise manager, was absent from business for a week or ten days with sickness. Mr. Smith states that this is the first time in his twenty-seven years with the Company that he has been absent from business through sickness.

Wilkie—Why do people say "Dame Gossip?"
Benson—Because they are too polite to leave off the "e."

Final Results in Curling

By LOU DOLL

AFTER a most successful series, the H.B.C. Calgary curlers finished up their season on February 23rd. The Calgary store employees are very enthusiastic about the game and are determined to participate on a larger scale next year and if proper arrangements can be made they will have several teams in the next big bonspiel. Eight teams composed the H.B.C. league this year and each team was drawn seven times.

After a stiff contest, Pat Spalding came out victor with six games to his credit. His sole defeat came from the rink skipped by Joe Marsh, who stands with five wins and two losses. Spalding himself is a veteran curler and a member of the Victoria club, but Pat deserves special credit for his win because he played with three men who had never seen the game before. With this handicap he curled right along and after much coaching he brought his rink out on top.

Following is the final standing of the H.B.C. curling league:

	Points
Pat Spalding	12
Joe March	10
Lambert	8
Hutchinson	8
Gibson	6
Smith	6
Salter	4
Cunningham	2

The Adventures of Sales Book No. 666

(*A serial story*)

By G. H. GATES, *Audit Office*

I AM Sales Book No. 666. I was manufactured by F. N. Burtt & Co., of Toronto, and cost H.B.C. 21½c. I arrived at the warehouse in a case with thousands of other books and waited there till it was time for me to be brought up from the base to the reserve line, *i.e.*, the case in which I was packed was taken to the supply room and there opened up and all we sales books lay there done up in bundles of ten each.

We were then taken and placed on the shelves in rotation, waiting for our call to go downstairs to the front line. Every morning a nice little girl came up to the supply room with a list of departments needing our services and the number of books each required.

Before very long bundle 660, of which I was one, was wanted and we were taken down, placed on the bench and marked to go to Dept..66. Soon after a boy with a truck came along and we were bundled in with a lot of other articles required through the store, and before very long we arrived at the desk beside Dept. 66, where we were handed out to the girl at the desk, who got out her book and listed us all down in numerical order and put us on the shelf to take our turn. Before very long first one and then another were given out to various salespersons, as ours was a lively desk, until I was the top one waiting my turn to go into action. Next month I will tell you who got me and how slip No. 1 was treated and the consequences.

(*To be continued*)

The Making of a Half-tone

MANY of our readers have become interested in the pictures of employees that have been printed in *The Beaver*, and a great many have inquired as to the methods used in getting the picture into print. We will answer these questions by giving a description of the methods used by photo-engravers.

The common expression "cut" has been applied to all kinds of plates used in printing, but the educated printing employee knows them as "engravings." The "picture" of yourself that you see in *The Beaver* is known as a half-tone, so-called because the result of a print in which a soft gray tone, half way between the high lights and dense blacks, predominates. If the reader will examine a half-tone print with a glass, he will discover that it is composed of tiny dots, which in the heavy blacks are close together, and in the gray tones and high light are separated according to the depth of tone. This effect is obtained by photographing the image to be printed through a screen. This important and most valuable instrument is made by scratching ("ruling" is the correct term) upon a glass plate lines that vary from 60 to 400 to the inch, according to the fineness of the engraving. These lines are scratched both horizontally and vertically upon the plate and look like a very fine screen, hence the name. After the scratchings are completed, a black enamel is rubbed upon the glass and allowed to dry, after which the plate is polished until all superfluous enamel is removed, leaving only that which found its way into the scratched lines. These screens are very valuable, some being worth thousands of dollars. Some half-tones are made to print in three and four colors. In making these engravings, the red is photographed through a filter that excludes all but the red rays; the blue through a filter that excludes all but blue rays, and yellow through a filter that excludes all but yellow rays.

The photograph that is sent to the photo-engraver is known to him as copy. In case the copy is not clear and distinct, it is necessary for it to be sent to an artist for retouching, after which it is photographed upon a highly sensitized plate of glass. The negative is then developed, and coated with a toughening solution to make it ready for stripping. The film is then stripped from the glass plate and transferred, the other side down, to a heavier glass plate for printing. (If anyone doubts that this is a ticklish job, take a look at a glass negative and the thinness of the film covering it, and imagine lifting the film to another glass without tearing or wrinkling it.) A sheet of highly polished copper is coated with sensitized enamel. This sensitized sheet is then locked in a heavy frame with the reversed negative and printed by highly concentrated actinic brilliancy. The screen is used in this printing. The copper plate is developed and subjected to heat over a gas stove which fixes the image and hardens the enamel into a protective acid-resistant. The prepared metal "plate" is now placed in an ingenious machine and etched by showers of acid, which are violently forced against the printed image, eating away the blank metal with great quickness and accuracy. The "plate" is then sent to an artist-workman, who goes over it, painting additional "resist" here and there so that the plate may take another etch, or "bite," to remove metal in the spots where the first "bite" failed. Should there be large blank spaces in the engraving, the router, a very sensitive machine, removes the required amount of metal. Another artist workman then takes up the plate and touches it up by hand after the manner of wood engravers, with a burnisher and other tools.

The "plate" is then squared and beveled for tacking upon a block of seasoned cherry. A little machine drives the nails faster than any man could do it. The block is then turned face down and shaved to type height, .918 of an inch.

The half-tone as it is now known is then proofed on a Washington hand press with inks costing $20.00 a pound, and a very fine proof obtained. The engraving and proof are then sent to the printer who hands it to the pressman, with instructions to make it look like the proof. The pressman having ink costing 40c a pound tries to reproduce the results of the engraver's proof with more or less satisfactory results.

My Impressions of the Calgary Store

By Mrs. E. Thorburn

I THINK the store and its appointments are wonderful. I had heard much concerning the Calgary store, but I must say it went far beyond my expectations.

I am also greatly impressed with the good fellowship and feeling that exists between the executives and department heads. This feeling also extends to the staff. I have received every possible assistance since taking up my position here, and have met with the greatest sympathy and co-operation from the management.

They told me at Winnipeg retail that when I reached Calgary I could be sure of a hearty welcome, and I certainly received it. The breaking of ties formed by eight years' association with the Winnipeg store was not a happy step, but I must say that I have settled down in Calgary very quickly and am proud to be a member of the store's staff.

How to Prevent Delivery Mistakes

(*By Shipping Room Manager*)

THE Company's dealings with the public begin with the sales clerk; therefore it is with the sales clerk that the first possibility for a mistake occurs.

Be sure that the address placed on the parcel is correct—failure here causes at least 75 per cent. of all mistakes in delivery.

Be careful to write legibly. The delivery man has no time to puzzle over poorly written addresses.

Be careful to enclose all that the bill calls for—failure here causes much unnecessary work and expense.

Don't promise delivery until you are sure that delivery can be made at the required time. Look up your delivery schedule.

Have your parcels ready for delivery on time—don't expect special deliveries to be made if they are late—that costs money.

Whether the Company's customers are satisfied or not rests in the end with the delivery man. He is the last one with whom the public deals. Therefore, don't slight your work; that makes work for others. Don't be careless; it loses the Company's business and your money. Don't be forgetful. Don't fail to check all parcels and C.O.D.'s before signing sheets, and don't fail to read addresses correctly.

Comptometer Class on a Spree

A PLEASANT evening was spent at the home of Miss Marie Hardy on March 10th, when the members of the audit office gave a surprise party. Miss Flo Evans sang several songs, which were greatly enjoyed. A duet was played by Misses W. Hampton and M. Evans (the cash twins). What excellent musicians can be produced among the comptometer operators! Miss Evans told fortunes by reading tea cups and told Miss Ross she was soon to get a small raise. We are glad she said *small*, otherwise we could not believe her. (N.B.—Miss Ross is looking forward to her next pay envelope).

The only regret expressed by all was that Mr. and Mrs. Harvey were unable to be present. Great appreciation is given the hostess' mother, who prepared for the event.

Those present besides the office staff were Mrs. Castle, Miss F. Evans and Mr. Keith, also "Fluky" or "Flousy" (a little stray dog) who was not invited.

Miss Dalby, from Toronto, has joined the millinery staff as designer and superintendent of the workroom. She received a cordial welcome from her fellow workers, and is already quite at home in her new position.

Mr. Keith, the new buyer for blouses and children's wear, has returned from his first trip to the markets. Judging by the merchandise already received, Mr. Keith has been "on the job" while in the East.

EDMONTON

Retail Store Topics

Mr. Stapells, house furnishings manager, left on his eastern buying trip and will be away for some weeks.

Great excitement among the employees on the third floor since they put the prospecting department there. Everybody is going to Fort Norman.

We have a newcomer on the third floor in the house furnishings department, Mr. D. Stocking. We welcome him to our ranks.

Mr. Jack Hughes, manager of the prospecting department, sure knows the oil game. What Jack does not know about the north is not worth knowing.

Miss Vinnie Cox is once more returned to the store after an absence of one year. We are delighted to welcome her back.

Messrs. Pallett and Chassey have returned after an extensive buying trip to the eastern markets for their respective departments.

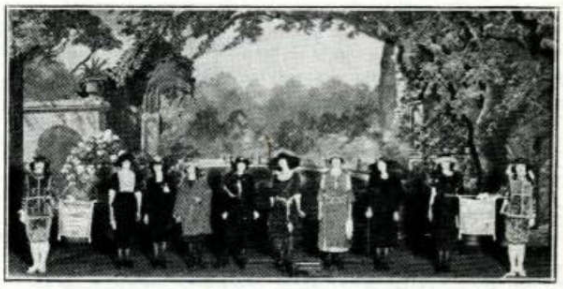
Miss Myers, of the hosiery department, left the Company's service recently to be united in the happy bonds of matrimony.

Miss Bessie Ogilvie left for the coast, where she will now reside. It is needless to say that she will be greatly missed by a host of friends.

Miss Tenner, of the stationery department, won the first prize in the recent competition held for the highest percentage of sales during the week.

An Edmonton Schoolboy wrote:

"Geese is a low, heavy set bird, composed mostly of meat and feathers. His head sits on one side and he sits on the other. Geese can't sing much on account of the dampness of the moisture. There ain't no between to his toes and he carries a toy balloon in his stomach to keep him from sinking. Some geese when they get big are called ganders and have curls on their tails. Ganders don't have to sit and hatch, but they just loaf and go swimming and eat. If I was a goose I'd rather be a gander any time."



H.B.C. Fashion Opening at Empire Theatre

THE Hudson's Bay Company, always to the front rank with up-to-date ideas, put on their regular fashion show at the Empire theatre on March 15th and 16th in conjunction with the regular Orpheum programme. All that was newest and most stylish was shown. An excellent orchestra discoursed special music.

Never before was it possible to show garments to greater advantage than on this unique occasion, for the immense stage and elaborate scenic effects added greatly to the showing of the garments to the best possible advantage.

Eight living models chosen from the salesladies of the Edmonton store took part. The models were as follows: Mrs. Astley, Miss Ethleen McEwen, Miss Vera Solick, Miss Dryden, Miss Hattie Stevens, Miss Winnie Cox, Miss Lola Hepburn and Miss Nellie Perrie.

The two beautiful young pages who heralded the coming of spring on banners announcing the Hudson's Bay Company's spring fashion parade were Miss Edna Alambaugh and Miss Jean Crombie. Mr. Prest, the advertising manager, directed on both occasions.

IT was once thought that clothes made the man. Nowadays they break him.

Grocer—"What was that woman complaining about?"

Assistant—"The long wait, sir."

Grocer—"And only yesterday she was complaining about the short weight. You can't please some people."

New Oilfield Prospectors' Outfitting Department

IN anticipation of a rush to the northern oil fields and the prominent part Edmonton will play as the starting point for the long overland journey, it was thought advisable to instal a department to supply outfits and information to travellers.

Already scores of inquiries are coming in from every part of the American continent.

The new department is in charge of Mr. J. Hughes, an experienced prospector, who has spent may years in the Mackenzie Basin.

Full information is being given in regard to routes, locations, supply posts, government regulations and outfits. A corner of the third floor is devoted to a unique display of a prospector's camp, showing tent, log fire, dog sled with harness, cooking utensils, guns and every other necessity for the trip. Adjoining is a private office where maps may be consulted and the fullest information obtained from Mr. Hughes.

A more cosmopolitan crowd could not be imagined than that which daily throngs this new department. Here can be seen adventurous spirits from all parts of the continent; oil men from Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas, miners from British Columbia, Montana, Northern Ontario.

Mr. Hughes himself is no less a notable character—an old timer of the north—a man who knows its rigors and its lures, a man who knows and speaks the language of the Crees and Chipewyans as fluently as his own native tongue.

March Concert of H.B.A. & A.A.

THE Amusement and Athletic Association staged another excellent concert in the "Hudsonia" dining rooms on March 4th, which was attended by a large number of the members and their friends, all of whom, judging by the volume and warmth of their applause, thoroughly enjoyed the performance.

The following members of the staff rendered vocal and instrumental selections:

Miss Moore
Miss Eileen Fogarty
Mr. Stapelle
Mr. T. A. Crockett
Mrs. Carbert
Miss Moffitt
Mrs. Clark
Master Philip Moore
Miss W. E. Crowther
Mr. Bert Crockett
Miss Gladys Cuff
Mr. George Saunders
Miss Doris McLeod

VANCOUVER

Retail Store News

Mr. Musgrave, of the Vancouver store, has come through his operation successfully and is recuperating at St. Paul's hospital.

Mr. Almas, the popular "Doc" of the drug section, had the misfortune to suffer a rather serious accident in a practice hockey game. He had his nose broken. Everybody wishes him back safe and sound soon.

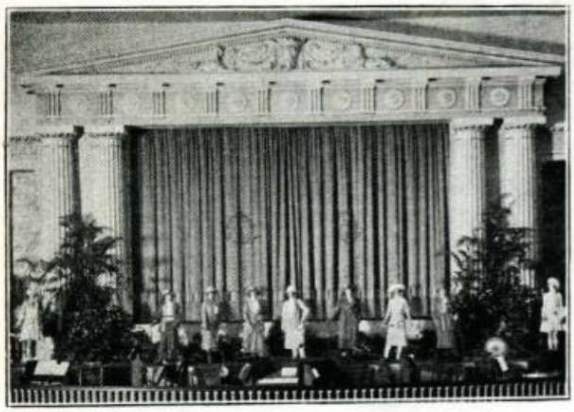
It was with universal regret that our store staff parted with the genial manager of the candy department, when Mr. Jardine was compelled by his physician's advice to sever his connection with us. We trust that the open air life which he has so pluckily taken up will prove the best thing for him in every way, and that he will have time sometimes to drop in and see his old friends and well-wishers.

Mr. C. F. Adams, formerly of Portland, Oregon, where he was for eleven years with the Aldon Candy Company, has joined the store staff as manager of the candy department. Mr. Adams has had thirty-two years' experience in his profession with various firms in Washington and Oregon.

The Barbers' College Yell

The Barbers' college yell as quoted by one who heard one of the amateur wielders of the comb and blade utter it, is:

Cut his lip
Gash his jaw
Leave his face
Raw! Raw! Raw!



The models that presented the season's new fashions to crowded house at the Allen Theatre on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 17th to 19th—a feature that formed a part of our spring opening campaign.

THE H.B.C. Spring opening in Vancouver store this season was not an individual affair but formed part of a general movement in the city, under the auspices of the Retail Merchants' Association, with every store in the city participating. The event was a well-planned affair with a two-fold idea, to gain the confidence of the buying public by demonstrating the season's new low prices and to show the newest in fashion's repertoire.

Two prizes of $100 and $50, respectively, were offered by the association for the best dressed windows, and thirty-six entries were made. The entire city put on a holiday aspect and greater crowds were on the streets than in any similar event. The outcome, we believe, will be most efficacious.

H.B.E.A. Cribbage Scores Final

Double Points 43
Single Points 61

The double cribbage championship was carried off by the G.W.V.A. with a score of 67. The single championship, won by H.B.E.A. players, Messrs. Sutherland, Lang, McLuckie and Adams. Cup donated by T. S. Baxter.

Office Visitor—"Do plain girls or pretty girls do better in business?"

Bill Muchmore—"It's about a toss-up. The plain girls don't make so many mistakes, but there are fewer kicks about the blunders the pretty girls make."

TO PROTECT DEPENDENT ONES

is the bounden duty of every man, and this is best done by means of suitable Life Insurance. Insurance in its most attractive form is offered under the Limited Payment Policies issued by The Great-West Life. Not only is adequate provision made for dependents but the insured is able to provide for his own future as well.

The cost—profit returns—and every other feature of this plan makes it a most desirable form of Insurance. Ask for leaflet "Common Questions Briefly Answered" giving interesting information.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "D 30" **Head Office: WINNIPEG**

Our Poets' Corner

EDITOR'S NOTE: In this department we present the first offering representing "poetic efforts" on the part of the staff in response to our appeal for a Poets' Corner. In future this department will include suggestions and criticisms of verse by "The Beaver's" staff critic.

THE ADVENTURERS

In ancient days of sixteen-seventy,
King Charles from his throne
Granted to his Royal kinsman
A great charter widely flown;
Then Prince Rupert, brave adventurer,
With gentlemen and nobles took their stand
To—establish British commerce
In a great and far-off land.

This tale of brave adventure,
O'er lake and river, sea to sea,
And of pioneers and trader,
Men who, holding this decree,
Blazed and mapped a trackless forest,
Then with Indian aborigine
Built up by mutual trading
The Great Hudson's Bay Company.

Thus through all the passing ages
Great men have ever sought
All donating history's pages,
To uphold their rights they fought;
Duke of York, then our own Marlborough,
With succession duties frought
For the moulders of new empire
By the H.B.C. standard wrought.

As on our crest, "Pro Pelle Cutem"
Was to the early settlers known,
We still hold this seal of quality
Supremely and alone;
Rupert's land under Geo. Simpson,
The part of governor to play,
With the noble Earl of Selkirk's settlers
Looked to Confederation day.

Thus to more modern times and doings
We now turn over hand,
Under Governor Strathcona
Forts and tradeposts proudly stand;
First old Fort Garry, then for service
Reared our present modern store,
When we as ever uphold the standard
H.B.C. quality as of yore.

Here's to our greatest anniversary,
Two hundred and fifty-one years' success.
Here's to our Governor, Sir Robert Kindersley,
For him we'll ever do our best
To maintain that grand old standard.
H.B.C. service enters in
To the building of future greatness
For H.B.C. to win.

—J. H. Pearin

Winnipeg

LORE OF H.B.C.

The halo round the Hudson Bay—
From romance point of view—
Is awe-inspiring to each child,
And all the grown-ups too.

Those sturdy, valiant men of yore,
Of Anglo-Saxon blood,
Who penetrated unknown wilds,
Alone in manhood stood.

They strode into the north and west;
They made and blazed a trail;
They never were disheartened,
And were never known to fail.

They did not think that that far land
Would some day bloom and yield;
Nor did they know that untold wealth
Was only unconcealed.

No thought had they that rails of steel
Would rape that trackless veldt,
Where naught but nature, unadorned,
In all her glory dwelt.

Their only thought was, do, and do,
And do again, some more;
Upstanding, steadfast, unafraid!
And loyal to the core.

—Bramleykite.

One Month After

And as I read that book of lore—
Issued by Hudson Bay—
My admiration is increased
For subject of my lay.

And unto those who sail the ship,
And guide her live-oak prow,
I lift my hat, extend my hand,
And smilingly say "HOW?"

—Bramleykite.

CONTRIBUTIONS

I wish you'd take a hint from me
And pass it on to our O.C.
You—the genial J.J.B.—
About these "contributions."

Each week or so comes his request
That we should do our level best
And keep our end up with the rest—
In sending "Contributions."

But news out here is hard to find,
There's nothing but the usual grind,
But I've got something on my mind—
So here's a "contribution."

The sun here rises in the east,
My wife when baking uses yeast,
And our black cat's a thieving beast—
How's that for a "contribution?"

—W.H.H.

Pas Mountain Post.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

Aristophanes was born in Greece 450 years before Christ. He wrote this verse, which proves that some things haven't changed much in twenty-five hundred years:

They're always abusing the women,
As a terrible plague to men;
They say we're the root of all evil,
And repeat it again and again;
Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed,
All mischief, be what it may.
And pray, then, why do you marry us,
If we're all the plagues you say?
And why do you take such good care of us,
And keep us so safe at home,
And are never easy a moment
If ever we chance to roam?
When you ought to be thanking heaven
That your plague is out of the way
You all keep fussing and fretting:
Where is my Plague today?
If a Plague peeps out of a window
Up go the eyes of the men;
If she hides, then they all keep staring
Until she looks out again.

—Mrs. Whitelock,
Vancouver Store.

MIDNIGHT

(In the H.B.C. Store)

Pace, pace, pace,
Upon the floor,
Only this
And nothing more.
Watchman's footfall,
That is all,
Save the clock's
Somnolent measure
Pond'ring over
Merchant treasure.
Deserted aisles,
Rare and clean,
Rich cargoes piled
Anon, between;
Creations from
A million hands:
Ambrosia
From far-off lands;
Ancestered silks
From Cathay's Bund,
And linens rare
In Erin sunned;
Fragrant teas—
Old Ceylon's best;
Storied rugs
From Persia, blest;
Precious things
Of wit and worth
Brought here from
The whole round earth.
Neath cowl-like covers
Hid from eyes
A universe
Of genius lies.
Brooding silence,
Like a pall—
Watchman's footfall—
That is all!

—E. U. Pugsley.
Winnipeg.

TO MY CANOE

Canoe of mine—tested and true—
My secrets are all yours to share
From bygone days—some bright, some "blue;"
Through lazy streams—thundering rapids—where
You yielded silent to the paddle's stroke.
Now battle-marked from countless fights,
Yet racing death through swift waters unknown,
Your lithe body, as wonderful a sight
As ever leaped the raging foam—
As ever yielded to a paddle's stroke.

My spirit was all yours—canoe of mine—
When reckless we were daring fate
The Spring when Omineca's ice broke late—
Canoe of mine—how much do I not owe
To you for manhood gained in battle fought
Where raging ice-jammed waters drove
Us to destruction, foot by foot,
Ready to crush us in their mill
Had not your body yielded to my will.

How quaint a pair we were then—you and I—
The days we rode those roaring floods
With mocking whirlpools in our way.
And when the hardest pressed—harder we fought—
Your perfect body and my fierce soul—
For in the madness of it I forgot
That I had been a dreamer and a fool.

Years have gone by, but we will travel on—
You and I—we played the game of old.
We can still face rapids with a song,
And you cannot be bought with pikers' gold.

—Einar Ursin
Telegraph Creek, B.C.

THE ROAMER

There is a stir that sets my blood a-glow,
The spirit that only the roamer can know,
That ceaseless feeling of unrest
Ever a-flutter within my breast.

There is a longing o'er the world to roam
And I forget e'en thoughts of home,
For seeming to beckon are alluring hands
Bidding me roam to other lands.

And some day my steps shall wander,
When the unrest I can stand no longer,
And I shall answer that resistless cry
And be—a roamer—'neath a foreign sky.

TIME—THE WEAVER

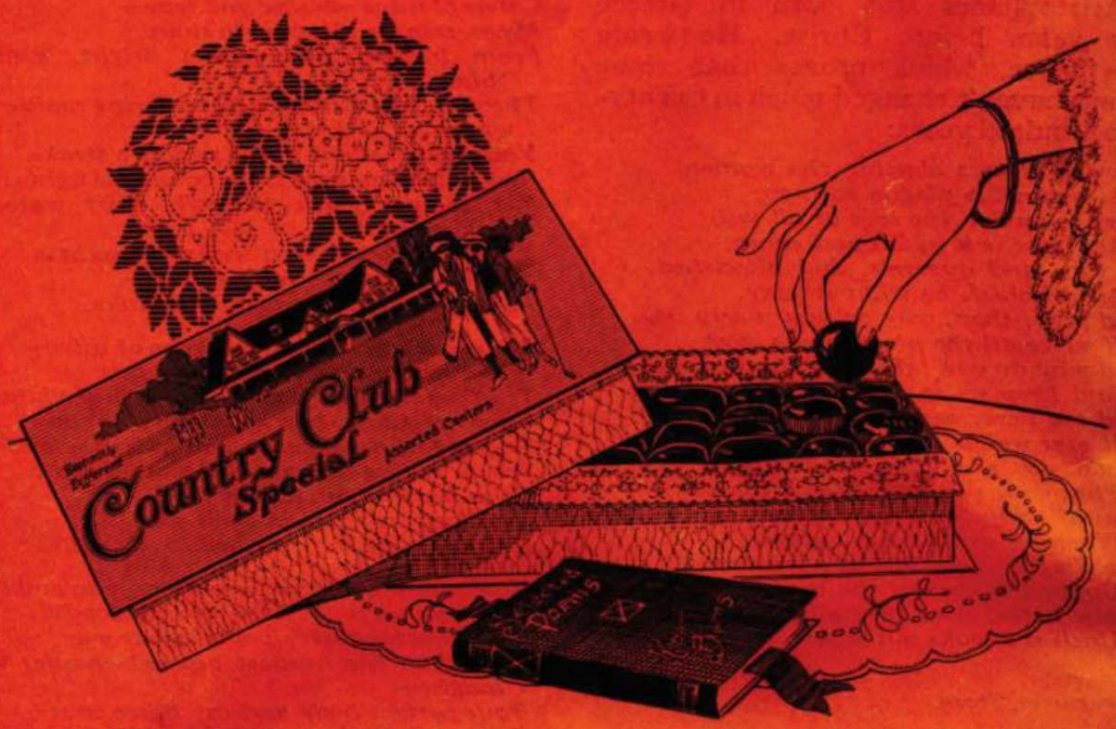
Time is the weaver of each thread of life,
The reward of the efforts of mere human strife.
Wouldst thou fling away a priceless jewel,
Or let time lie wasted as a useless tool?

Each moment, each breath measures a deed;
Alas—an hour you would retrieve
And beat upon the door of time—in vain!
Time goes—but ne'er will return again.

The hours, the days, the years have fled
And time lies—an unbroken web.
And so it shall weave to the end of time
"To Do—to Do" is its ceaseless rhyme.

—Catherine L. Nason.
Montreal office

"DISTINCTIVELY DIFFERENT"



"COUNTRY CLUB"
Special Chocolates
are unsurpassed
for purity, quality
and flavour

Hudson's Bay Company
INCORPORATED 1670

Makers of LUXURA, DELICIA and ROYAL DESSERT Confections